Genl Roe

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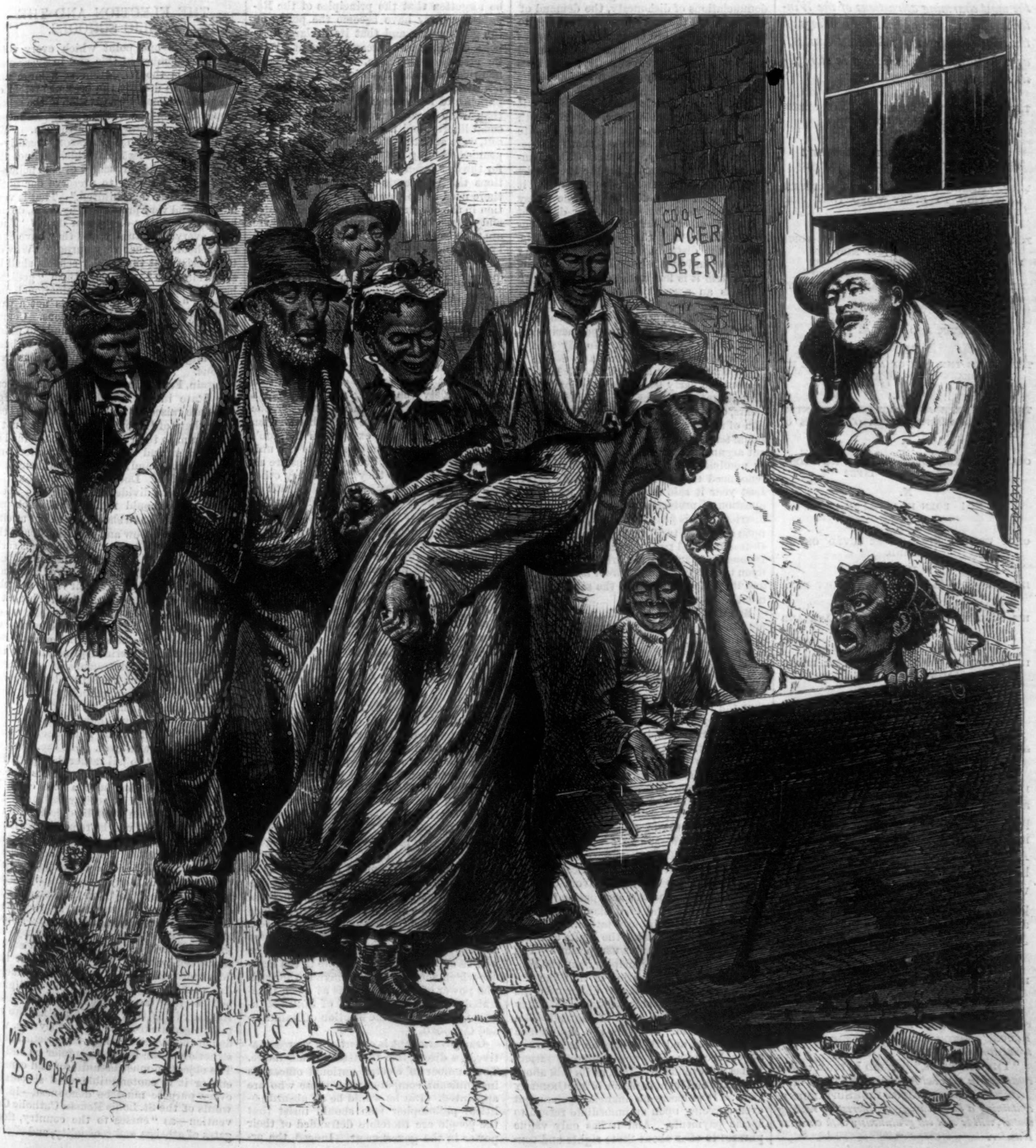
HAVING IT OUT.

Mr. Sheppard's graphic sketch tells its own story so well as almost to preclude the necessity of comment. The belligerents are certainly "having it out" in a very stormy and vigorous manner, greatly to the amusement of the placid saloon-keeper who leans on the window-sill in an attitude of complacent neutrality. It matters little to him which side wins. The sedate old colored man, standing behind one of the angry antagonists, is evidently trying to pour oil on the troubled waters, and with soothing words to bring the quarrel to an end. He is very likely a preacher, and is scandalized that two members of his flock should engage in such an unseemly brawl in a public thoroughfare. But their blood is up, and each one being determined to have the last word, his efforts will probably have no effect until one of the belligerents descends into her cellar fortress and closes the door against her enemy. The artist gives us no hint as to the cause of the dispute. It may have originated in the saloon, where "cool lager-beer" is sold; for it is well known that "cooling" summer beverages, unless taken in very moderate quantities, often produce the very opposite effect upon the temper. Whatever the cause of the wrangling, Mr. Sheppard has caught the real spirit of the scene, and depicted the quarrel and its incidental accessories with great humor and effect.



HAVING IT OUT.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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NEW CHRISTMAS STORY.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS *take pleasure in announcing that they will soon commence the publication of a new* CHRISTMAS STORY, *entitled*

"GOLDEN GRAIN,"

by B. L. FARJEON, *author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Joshua Marvel," "Griff," and other popular tales.* "GOLDEN GRAIN" *will be profusely and beautifully illustrated.*

As a writer of short stories the author of "Blade-o'-Grass stands without a rival, and our readers have already begun to look for his Christmas Story as one of the most charming attractions of the Winter Holidays. We append the headings of the several chapters of "GOLDEN GRAIN," *as a foretaste of the rare treat in store for its readers.*

I.

THROUGH COUNTRY ROADS TO SOME GREEN, PLEASANT SPOT.

II.

THANK GOD FOR A GOOD BREAKFAST!

III.

THEY LISTENED WITH ALMOST BREATHLESS ATTENTION TO EVERY WORD THAT FELL FROM HER LIPS.

IV.

FOR MERCY'S SAKE, TELL ME! WHOSE VOICE WAS IT I HEARD JUST NOW?

V.

THEY WON'T WANT NO MORE MOTHERS BY-AND-BY, SIR.

VI.

FOR THESE, AND SUCH AS THESE.

VII.

THEY JUDGE THE LIFE OF AN INDIVIDUAL BY MEANS OF AN AGGREGATE.

VIII.

THIS 'ERE FREE AND 'LIGHTENED COUNTRY OF OURN'S CRAMMED FULL O' TEMPLES O' LIBERTY.

IX.

OPEN YOUR EYES, BABY! SPEAK TO ME! LOOK AT MOTHER, MY LIFE!

X.

NO, NO! BORN IN LOVE! IN LOVE!

XI.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED ON AN ISLAND.

XII.

IN THE DIM TWILIGHT OF THAT HOLY DAY.

XIII.

HIS SOUL IS IN YOUR HANDS TO SAVE AND PURIFY.

XIV.

IT IS SUNRISE. A GOLDEN MIST IS RISING FROM THE WATERS.

XV.

FAIRHAVEN.

THE END.

☞ This Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains more reading matter than an average octavo volume. The most popular authors of England and America write constantly for the WEEKLY. As a journal of choice reading, combined with artistic attractions of the very highest order, it leaves every competitor in the distance, and is the best and cheapest periodical in the world.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously a beautifully illustrated*

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a further installment of "PHINEAS REDUX," *illustrated, and other literary and pictorial attractions.*

"THE PARISIANS," *by* LORD LYTTON, *will be continued in the next Number of the* WEEKLY.

Another illustrated EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *containing a large variety of interesting reading matter, will be sent out gratuitously with our next Number.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1873.

THE PROMISED DEMOCRATIC REVIVAL.

SOME of the Democratic journals assert that the result of the Ohio election will be the renewed vitality of the Democratic party, which will now be the only opposition party. All expectation of its disorganization, or of the formation of a new party, say these journals, may be abandoned: the old Democratic guard neither dies nor surrenders. Upon what grounds, then, does this party of slavery, repudiation, and secession hope to regain the confidence of the country? Its Ohio platform must now be regarded as its authoritative manifesto. That document declares that the party "stands by its principles," and the Convention which adopted it nominated a candidate who was identified with them—an old partisan of slavery and a Copperhead. Yet the same document asserts that while the party stands by its principles, it seeks to revive no dead issues. It carefully omits, however, to state what issues are dead. For if it had defined them, it would have mentioned all the Democratic measures of the last generation. The denunciations of dishonesty, the demand of economy, and the protestations of fidelity to the Constitution are common to all parties and platforms. Upon what fundamental principles, what system of policy, then, does the Democratic party propose to oppose the Republican?

Some of its journals would like to have it considered a free-trade party. But the truth is in the way. Its Presidential candidate last year was the most conspicuous protectionist in the country. No party which nominated HORACE GREELEY for the Presidency can assume to be a free-trade party unless it admits itself to be dishonest. The flimsy Cincinnati resolution of last year does not conceal the fact of surrender. That resolution declared that the question should be left to the districts. Is that a principle? Of course and by the necessity of our political system it is left to the districts. But a party is an association of men who hold views which they wish the districts to sustain, and which appeals to all the people in every district with the most persuasive arguments it can command. To say that a question is left to the districts to decide is to say that it is not a party tenet. Did the Democratic party leave the question of the United States Bank, or of internal improvements, or of a Sub-Treasury, or of the extension of slavery, under cover of the Congressional territorial power, to the districts without argument? When the Democratic party nominated Mr. GREELEY it deliberately renounced the claim of a free-trade party. Last year it said distinctly that it left the question of protection to the people in the districts. This year it says that it "insists" upon a revenue tariff, and "demands" it. Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice. The Democratic party has no principle whatever upon the subject, and the proof is its conduct and its professions within the same twelvemonth.

But if it has not this, what other principle has it? Is it return to specie payment? Senator THURMAN expressly deprecated such a course at present, and the Ohio platform, regretting, as every party and every body regrets, an irredeemable currency, does not demand return to specie payment, but only that the return shall be cautious and considerate of the debtor class. The foolish New York platform, indeed, "demands" specie payment. But that only shows that the party is not harmonious, and has no principle upon the subject. The Ohio platform covertly demands taxation of the bonds. Is that a "principle" upon which the party means to go to the country? The platform asserts the rights of the States, condemns centralization, denounces usurpation. Certainly: so does every good citizen of every party. And what party pronounces against the rights of the States, or favors centralization, or countenances usurpation? This is the cheapest kind of declamation. The question is one of interpretation. What is centralization? what are the limits of State rights? what constitutes usurpation? The platform defines no principles upon the subject. But the implication is that the Republican party practically disregards the just rights of the States, whatever they may be, and favors some kind of centralization and usurpation. All this the Republican party denies, and therefore the Democratic appeal becomes really one of administration. It has no revenue principle, as its talk about free trade and its nomination of Mr. GREELEY show. It proposes no financial system, not even agreeing upon an immediate return to specie payments. And it has only vague phrases to offer about State rights and centralization. It says, however, that it "stands by its principles." Very well: its principles upon this subject were formerly the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. Does the party stand by them, or are they "dead issues?"

The only persons who "stand by" Democratic principles are Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and his friends in the Southern States. They continue to declare them fairly and forcibly. Those principles were stigmatized by the war as unsound and intolerable; and the war therefore made the Democratic organization superfluous and impertinent. Its present position is that of a political body which has either renounced its principles or has seen them loathed and repudiated by the country, but which coheres by long association and by the hope of power and patronage. But it can obtain power only by reason of a general conviction that Republican administration has become corrupt.

The result in Ohio shows merely Republican indignation with the salary grab and the Crédit Mobilier, and is greatly due to the panic and the failure of houses especially associated with the administration. It is, in fact, a serious warning to the Republican press and politicians that there is great dissatisfaction, and that the party action must be free from suspicion or reproach. For if the Democratic party has no principles and no policy to propose, it is not to be forgotten that the principles of the Republican party have become the policy of the government, and that its declared purposes are in course of accomplishment. Public attention, therefore, will be more and more concentrated upon honesty of administration. There will be much greater impatience of looseness and doubtful conduct than when great interests of civil and personal liberty, and the national existence itself, were at stake. The ordinary party appeal is becoming much more ineffective than for the last dozen years. But whatever elections the Democrats may carry this year, there need be no fear of a Democratic reaction in the country if Republican candidates and details of administration every where are such as the better sentiment of the party demands.

THE TRAGEDY AT THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE ungenerous hostility to Cornell University which constantly shows itself, and which is chiefly sectarian, appeared in the attempt to cast odium upon it for the tragical death of young LEGGETT. The simple fact is that in the process of initiation to a secret society the young man fell from a cliff and was killed. General LEGGETT, the father of the unfortunate youth, has written a letter in which he exonerates his son's companions and the authorities of the university from blame. Secret societies are allowed at Cornell, as they are in every other college in the country, and the sad death of young LEGGETT may induce collegians to consider whether there is any real humor or pleasure in the coarse practical jokes of initiation, or any value in the secrecy of the society. But this is a question for all students in every university, not for Cornell alone. And it is quite time for sensible and honorable young men in every college to ask this question very seriously. Professor WILDER, of Cornell, has led the way in his letter to the *Tribune.*

WHO SHALL APPOINT THE JUDGES?

EVERY argument in favor of an elective judiciary is but a form of those which Mr. EATON has conclusively answered in his pamphlet upon the subject. That the people ought not to be deprived of the power of electing judges, and that the elected judges are as good as those who are appointed, is the sum of the argument. But by voting for the amendment on the 4th of November the people of New York will declare their sovereign pleasure as to the method of designating the judges. Does the amendment deprive the people of any power upon the subject? The people by adopting the national Constitution decided how the President should be elected, and how the judges of the Supreme Court should be appointed. And when the President presently nominates and the Senate confirms a Chief Justice, he will be appointed by the people in the manner which they prefer and have authorized. The power of the people was as much illustrated by the appointment of JOHN MARSHALL as it was by the election of BARNARD and CARDOZO.

Our government is essentially representative, not direct, like the Greek democracies. The number of elected national officers is insignificant compared with those who are appointed. But he would be an absurd political philosopher who should insist that the people are therefore defrauded of their power in the government. Indeed, the argument as urged is only a pandering to prejudice. It is the cry of the demagogue. Again, although it is true that good judges are sometimes elected, yet not only, as Mr. EATON urges, is an occasional good result no excuse for a bad system, but the bad results are such as are not supposable under a system of appointments. No man, as every body understands, will be nominated by any important party as Governor of New York who could not be trusted with the power of judicial appointment. Throw upon the chief officer of the State the direct responsibility of the administration of justice, and the men whom party votes would readily place upon the bench of New York could have no chance of disgracing the State by that elevation. Public attention has been drawn to this most important question at a late hour, but we hope not too late to save the bench of New York hereafter from the reproach which the elective judiciary system has justly cast upon it. The fatal defect of that system is that it destroys responsibility, and gives the appointment of judges to a secret caucus. If it be democratic that Mr. JOHN KELLY and his Tammany Executive Committee, or any other person in a similar party position, should name the judges, how can it be undemocratic that the Governor elected by the people should be authorized to appoint them?

THE ELECTION AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THERE is one point which every voter should remember in this and in every election. It is the resolution of a large and able body to destroy the present system of the public schools by a division of the school money among the various sects, and confessedly for sectarian instruction. "We admit," said Father PRESTON recently—and he is the most plausible, and not the least able of the advocates of this policy—"we admit we wish to preserve our faith, and teach it to our children." That is very natural and very proper. Why, then, do not he and his fellow-clergymen do it? They have every opportunity, and they have Sunday-schools for that very purpose. Why do they insist that the secular schools shall be sectarian also? To call them "godless" because they are not denominational, and because "religious" teaching is not a part of the system, is simply ridiculous. Counting-rooms and factories of all kinds, in which children are taught various kinds of business, might be as wisely denounced as irreligious.

Again, Father PRESTON says, "To support the State in its beneficent mission large sums are raised by taxation. Catholics bear their share of the burden. Have they not a just claim to their proportion of the fund?" So butchers and bakers and carpenters and manufacturers and importers bear their share of the burden. Does Father PRESTON wish the fund to be divided accordingly? These persons, he should remember, do not pay taxes as bakers and shoe-makers, but as citizens. And the Jew and the atheist, and the Christian of any name, does not pay as such, but as a citizen. Does the father propose that Jews and atheists shall have their share of the fund to propagate their views as such? If the money raised for the general benefit is to be divided among the citizens because of their religious faith, so it may be because of their various business employments. But that is not the American principle, nor the principle of sound statesmanship any where.

Yes, says Father PRESTON; but "we can not use the common schools, because they answer not our end, nor satisfy our consciences." We have known honest and intelligent men who could not conscientiously pay any taxes whatever. One such man we knew who went to jail rather than pay. His plea was perfectly honest. Does Father PRESTON think that such a plea could be generally received by society instead of the tax? The Roman Catholic objection to the public schools, it will be remembered, is not that they teach a wrong religion, but that they do not teach any; and the objectors say that they can not conscientiously have their children taught the multiplication table in a school in which the Roman Catholic faith is not also taught. Do they make the same objection to the dancing-schools and the writing-schools to which they send their children? Of course these last are not supported by the public money. But that does not affect their religious character. Are such schools "godless" and irreligious because they do not teach Roman Catholic theology? If they are not, neither are the public grammar-schools. If they are, why do not the objectors insist that sectarian instruction of the kind they prefer be added? The objection must be uniform and consistent, or it is contemptible. All schools for every purpose must be denounced—in the words of the St. Louis Roman Catholic Convention—as "curses to the country, flood-gates of atheism and sensuality, and of civil, social, and national corruption," because they are not sectarian, or none can justly be called so. If all are so denounced, the folly is evident. But if all are not, then a public school designed to teach grammar, geography, and arithmetic is no more irreligious because it does not also teach some sectarian catechism than a school designed to teach dancing or writing. The State must have all the children taught. To that end it taxes the citizens. If any of the tax-payers wish their children taught a sectarian catechism, the State properly replies that it can not recognize sects of any kind. If then it is asked to divide the money among certain sects and let them teach themselves, it replies again, and finally, not only that any just division of the kind is in itself absolutely impossible, but that it would be the very recognition of which it can and should know nothing.

Now the Democratic party is the machinery by which the Roman Catholic politicians hope to make the public schools sectarian. Every measure promoting this purpose has proceeded from that party. It is one of the methods by which it retains the favor of a large constituency. A vote for that party is therefore a vote against the public-school system. It is a vote for bringing religious questions into politics. It is a vote tending to the union of church and state. The question is not as yet very prominent, but it is very vital. Already in Brooklyn there is organized action against the fatal policy; and in New York Roman parochial schools are already established, into which it is intended to draw, if possible, the children of Roman Catholic families, and then appeal to public opinion against the gross injustice of compelling tax-payers to support schools to which they can not conscientiously send their children. It is, therefore, not too soon for every voter to understand the question, and to know, for the reasons mentioned, that the support of the Democratic party is a blow at the common-school system.

THE COMMITTEE OF SEVENTY.

THE Committee of Seventy in the city of New York is dissolved. Its final address states plainly the reasons for its dissolution, which will be generally received as sound. It was formed two years ago, upon the discovery of the Tammany frauds, and was designed to lead in the immediate measures that ensued. The total defeat of the Ring in the autumn of 1871 was due to the efficiency of the committee, which turned to the best account the public indignation. But its hopes of a thorough reform by a satisfactory charter were disappointed. The committee says:

> "The corrupt influences of the great army of office-holders, and the machinations of politicians, together with the hostility of the then Executive, prevailed over all considerations of the public welfare, and the Legislature of 1872 adjourned without having lifted a finger or passed a single measure of importance for the relief of this abused city. In this state of affairs we postponed the purpose which we had entertained of disbanding, until we could do so with the comfortable satisfaction of at least a partial accomplishment of the measures which had been attempted."

It therefore took active part in the election of the last Legislature, and of the Governor, whom it most justly commends. The new charter was more agreeable to its wishes, but was by no means what a real reform Legislature would have given the city. But while partly successful, the committee remarks:

> "In one important respect, however, the charter of 1873 has baffled our efforts and disappointed our hopes, and, under the name of reform, was an outrage upon that much-abused cause, in that it compromised with corruption in office, and expressly continued in office certain leading heads of departments who had been placed where they were by the expiring efforts of the discarded Tammany leaders, and were known to be more or less in sympathy with them. The triumph achieved in this one respect by corrupt and selfish politicians over the virtue of the Legislature was a fatal obstacle to the thorough renovation of the city government."

Upon the whole, the committee finds "abundant cause for congratulation and encouragement" in the municipal situation. But its membership has declined by resignations, removals, and other causes; many of its members have been appointed to office, and there is so plain a disposition to return to party action, which has been greatly improved by the events of the two years, that the committee feels that it could continue to be useful only as a permanent political body—a position which it is unwilling to assume. Nor ought it to be expected. Its office was essentially temporary, and the public has no right to expect it to continue to do the duty which every citizen should do for himself. The committee has shown that by proper care upon the part of the voters good government is practicable. But the condition of good government here and every where is that good men take pains to secure it. It will certainly not come of itself, and those who despondingly think that the rascals are invincible, and therefore sigh and surrender, deserve to be ruled by rascals.

There was, indeed, one service of the committee which was most useful, and which might in some manner be wisely continued. We refer to the certificate of character of the candidates which its sub-committee issued last year just before the election. Not one voter in a thousand in the city of New York knows any thing whatever of the candidates for many and important positions for whom he votes. As Republican or Democrat, he votes the regular ticket, if he can ascertain which it is, or he stays at home in despair. But even when he votes the regular ticket, it is with the uncomfortable conviction that the candidates are probably such as ought not to be elected. Often, with the very best intention and with much care, he can ascertain nothing whatever, and votes upon the general theory that it is better his party should succeed. A most useful and patriotic act, therefore, was the certificate of which we speak. The gentlemen who signed it were of the highest character, and every body knew that they did not sign in the dark. Thousands and thousands of the best citizens were enabled to vote with intelligence and satisfaction, and they were exceedingly grateful.

To secure this knowledge, however, is part of the labor which good citizens must impose upon themselves. They can not expect Mr. O'CONOR and Judge EMOTT and Mr. CHOATE to undertake it indefinitely. Let such a committee, if necessary, be annually appointed. It will be influential not because it is appointed, but solely, as it was last year, because of individual character. Nobody cared how the three gentlemen we have named came to do the duty, but every body was satisfied to vote for any candidate they recommended. They were roundly abused, of course; for corruption and party intrigue prefer the "regularity" which they can themselves control. But their preference is not always shared by more honorable partisans, and thus the service of such a committee becomes most desirable. In its absence the duty ought to be done by the newspapers, and it will be whenever "independence" ceases to be partisan. The Committee of Seventy has done a great service not only to this city, but to the whole country, and they deserve the sincere gratitude of all honest citizens.

COUNTY JUDGE IN QUEENS.

THE Republicans of Queens County in nominating **HENRY W. EASTMAN** for County Judge have shown their determination to deserve the success which so admirable a nomination ought to secure. Mr. EASTMAN is well known in his county as a most upright and energetic citizen, as well as thoroughly accomplished lawyer, and his prominence in public affairs has been the means of clearly showing to his fellow-citizens the character and the temperament most desirable in a judge. It is one of the nominations which can be most heartily commended to every voter of every party; and if such were made every where and for all positions, the Republicans would be invincible.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

THE financial events of the week have been Senator BOUTWELL's lecture on the panic, the President's letter to Mr. WILLIAMS, of the Metropolitan Bank, and the resolution of the associated banks to abandon the pooling plan on 1st November.

Of these the last is the only one which possesses real importance. It is a step toward restoring confidence. For some days past greenbacks have been flowing into the city. All the Western cities have currency enough and to spare, and though complaints of stringency continue at the South, and exchange at New Orleans is still at abnormal figures, cotton seems to come forward in about the usual quantity. For several days it has been impossible to sell greenbacks in large amounts at a premium. Every bank which pretends to be solvent has had an opportunity of fortifying itself against a run, and by the first of the month all should be impregnable. If any are not, the sooner they close their doors the better. There is no more justice in requiring sound banks to protect unsound ones than there would be in asking strong merchants or strong brokers to carry their weak brethren. In times like these forbearance may be carried too far for the general good. But there is no reason to expect that the abandonment of the pooling system will necessarily lead to bank failures. Adding special to general deposits, the banks ought to hold on 1st November sixty millions of gold and currency—perhaps more; and by that time, unless some new accident disturbs confidence, few depositors will be tempted to withdraw legal tenders which they can not sell at one-eighth premium. The natural tendency of money, indeed, is toward accumulation in the city. All over the country industrial enterprise is paralyzed. In New England the mills are reducing their force, and several of the largest manufacturing establishments in the Middle States have announced their intention of discharging their workmen, and waiting for better times to resume business. An abrupt stop has been put to the construction of new railroads, and the extension and improvement of old ones. Enterprises which consumed hundreds of thousands of dollars weekly have thus been checked, and the currency they absorbed and the money they employed will naturally flow back to the financial centres in search of occupation. If the banks so conduct their business as to regain the general confidence which they lost on 20th September, there seems to be every reason to expect rather a glut than a scarcity of money in November.

In gold especially the banks will be strong. By November 1 we shall have received $15,000,000 of gold from Europe, and the Treasury will disburse more than that amount in payment of interest. An impression appears to prevail in certain quarters that the importation of gold from England involves some mysterious danger. This opinion rests on no substantial ground. The United States have generally been a debtor country, and have consequently been obliged to pay the balance of trade in gold. This year, as the trade tables show, the balance is in our favor, and we consequently exact payment in gold. If it had not been for the importation of steel rails this summer, exchange might have fallen below par long before the panic, and the prospect at present is that it will continue for some weeks to rule at a figure which will leave a profit on the importation of bullion. This country can and will dispense with millions of dollars' worth of dry-goods, steel rails, and articles of luxury which we have been in the habit of importing from Europe. But Europe can not dispense with our cotton, breadstuffs, and provisions.

Senator BOUTWELL, in his recent lecture, made a good point when he said that the United States could never resume specie payments until the balance of trade was in their favor. Sound economists will smile at his notion of securing this balance by granting bounties of $5 or $10 a ton to ship-builders, in order to reduce the amount of money paid to foreign ship-owners for freights. Thus far our experience of bounties and subsidies has not proved encouraging, even if the principle had been sound. But the progress of events and the logic of geography may accomplish the results he desires without a recourse to obsolete legislative devices. A panic like the one we have just experienced enforces general economy for twelve months at least, and if, as in this instance, it be simultaneous with large crops here and poor crops abroad, it may operate to turn the balance of trade much more effectually than all the Congressional enactments in the world.

Before the President's letter to Mr. WILLIAMS was read to the bank presidents more importance was attached to the document than it deserved. That the President had ever told any body he was ready to pour the forty-four million reserve into the banks for the purpose of strengthening them, no one who heard him on 21st September could for a moment believe. But it is clear that the Secretary of the Treasury believes that the United States Treasury would be bankrupt if it did not draw, and draw largely, on that reserve to pay its debts. It is notorious that the importations of foreign goods have fallen off, and will fall off still further, involving an unprecedented decline in the receipts from customs, and that the general curtailment of industrial enterprise and the contraction of credit and commerce will cause at least an equal decline in the internal revenue. Whether the drafts will amount to three millions a week or three millions a month, no one can tell, because no one can say how great will be the falling off in the public revenue; and Mr. Secretary RICHARDSON assumed a bold responsibility when he assured the press that they would probably not exceed ten millions. Twelve millions of dollars—a fund accumulated during the summer for the purpose of easing the New York money market during the fall stringency—were paid away during the last week of September in the purchase of bonds. And if any credit is to be attached to the opinions of leading merchants, the decline in the revenue from customs and direct taxes will probably prove so heavy that, if the government pays its debts promptly, there will not be more than half of the forty-four million reserve left to draw by the time Congress meets.

It is not the least curious feature of the situation that Wall Street, while confident of the addition of many millions to our greenback currency, still refuses to buy gold. There is more gold than legal tender paper in the banks, and both at the South and at the West the farmers refuse to sell for gold, and demand greenbacks. Nobody seems to want gold at any price, and if the banks which have gold on deposit took the responsibility of selling some of it through the Gold-room to strengthen their legal tender reserve, we might find ourselves nearer specie resumption than we have been since the war.

THE BERMUDAS.

AN illustrated article entitled "Sketches in Bermuda," printed a short time since in *Harper's Weekly*, appears to have caused considerable excitement among our island neighbors. It is proper to say that the article was from the pen of Mr. E. RANDOLPH, a lieutenant in the Sixty-ninth regiment, stationed at Bermuda, who might reasonably be supposed to write with authority and in good faith. We learn, however, that many of his unfavorable comments on the unhealthfulness of the island and other matters are, to say the least, grossly inaccurate, and that the Governor of Bermuda proposes to take immediate steps to have him called to account for his misstatements. We are glad to make this correction, in justice to ourselves as well as to the citizens of the pleasant and hospitable island which Mr. RANDOLPH has so grossly traduced. We regret that the means of reaching Bermuda from this country are not more assured and agreeable, as large numbers of Americans would in that case seek the island as a delightful place of resort during the winter season.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SEVERAL large fires have occurred during the week. At Topeka, Kansas, $100,000 worth of property was destroyed October 20. A mill with its contents, worth $100,000, was burned at Madison, Wisconsin; and at Oswego, New York, buildings worth $80,000 were destroyed on the same day. On the 23d a conflagration occurred in Cleveland, Ohio, resulting in a total loss of $100,000.

Governor Dix has appointed November 27 as Thanksgiving-day, the same fixed by President Grant for national observance.

The National Board of Trade met at Chicago October 22, and passed resolutions asking the establishment of a government Department of Trade and Commerce and a Bureau of Internal Improvements. They also urged a resumption of specie payments and a revision of the tariff.

The New York Board of Aldermen met October 23, and taking the Mayor's police justices nominations from the table, rejected them. Three days afterward the Mayor presented a new list, which was confirmed. The following are the names of the new appointees: Bankson T. Morgan, James T. Kilbreth, Butler H. Bixby, Marcus Otterbourg, Charles A. Flammer, Benjamin C. Wandell, Frank S. Smith, Thomas D. Sherwood, Henry Murray, George E. Kasmire.

Grave charges have been preferred against members of the New York detective force by the Bank of England authorities, who allege that the police were bribed by Bidwell and company, the forgers. The Police Commissioners will investigate the matter.

During a violent storm of wind and rain which broke upon this vicinity on the 20th of October, five canal-boats got loose from their convoys at Stony Point, near Peekskill, and sank with their cargoes. The hands on board narrowly escaped drowning.

John C. Heenan, the notorious pugilist, died at Great River, Utah, recently, of consumption.

A. H. Davenport, the actor, better known as "Dolly," died at New Orleans October 23.

The steamer *Cambria*, which left Southampton for New York October 25, brought $285,000 in bullion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE trial of Marshal Bazaine is not yet concluded. The examination of witnesses began October 20. Marshal Lebœuf testified that in his opinion the prisoner's responsibility as commander-in-chief dated only from August 12. MM. Schneider and Rouher testified that the marshal never solicited the chief command. Marshal Canrobert gave evidence unfavorable to the accused. Marshal Lebœuf and Generals Ladmirault and Bourbaki were also on the witness stand. On October 24 the prisoner was seized with an alarming illness, and the investigation was accordingly adjourned.

The Comte de Chambord is said to have given assurances to the foreign powers that in the event of his restoration his policy will not be aggressive, and that he will not attempt to reinstate the Pope in his temporal possessions. The Italian government denies that it has received any intimation of the kind.

The law for the abolition of religious corporations in Rome was enforced against six convents, October 20, by the government committee appointed for that purpose. The society of Jesuits has been notified by the Italian government to immediately vacate the building occupied by them in that city. It is said that they will go to Malta.

The President of Mexico and other officers of the republic have sworn to support the new Constitution. A new line of steamers from Vera Cruz to Liverpool began running October 6.

The household troops of the King of the Sandwich Islands have been disbanded for mutiny.

President Baez's term as ruler of San Domingo will expire on the 1st of April, and he has declined a re-election.

Prince Bismarck had an audience with the Emperor of Austria, Count Andrassy, and the Italian envoy at Vienna October 21. The papal question was discussed, and the prince pressed the question of national ecclesiastical legislation. Austria was urged to act in unity with Germany in regard to a papal election.

A body of five hundred Cuban insurgents attacked the town of Baive October 17, but was repulsed with a loss of four killed and thirty wounded.

John Bright addressed his constituents at Birmingham October 22. He commended the Gladstone administration; and speaking of the Ashantee war, advocated the withdrawal of the British colonies from the Ashantee coast.

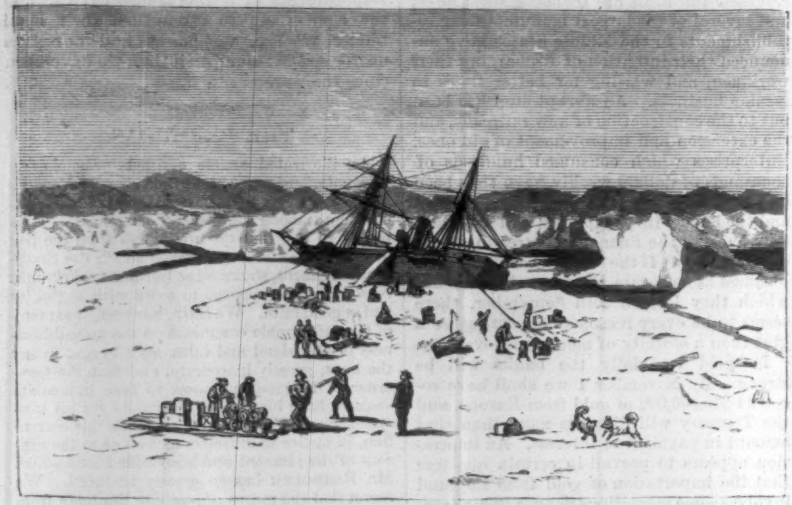
The members of the Right Centre of the French Assembly have adopted resolutions recalling De Chambord to France, while the deputies of the Left have pronounced in favor of a conservative republic. The Assembly will be called together by the ministry.

Mr. Pease, the conservative candidate, has been elected to the British Parliament from Hull.

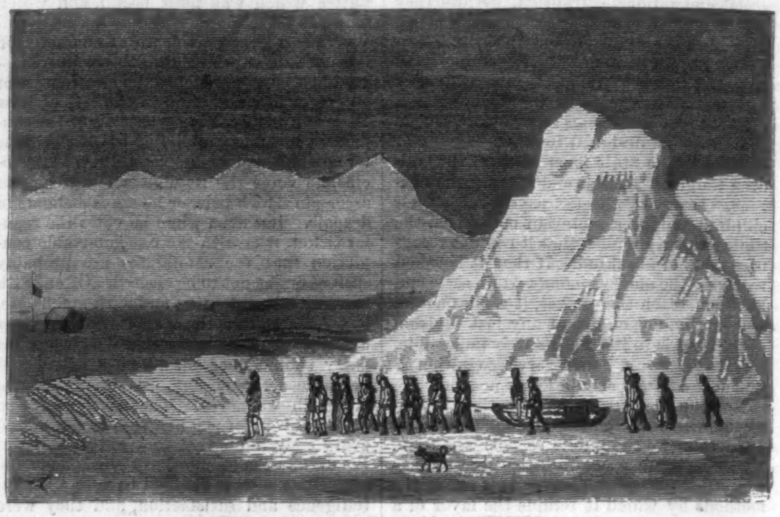
The Emperor of Germany, accompanied by Prince Bismarck, visited the Vienna Exposition October 23.

The Canadian Parliament was opened October 23. In a short speech the Governor-General congratulated the country on its financial prosperity and the increase of immigration.

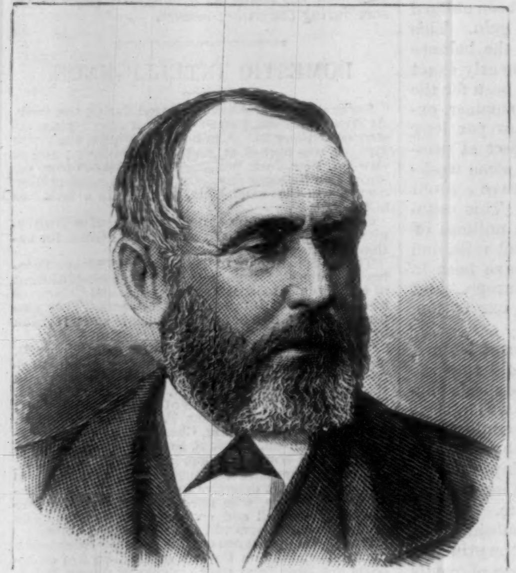
The Spanish Intransigente squadron, under Contreras, threatened to bombard Valencia, but upon being warned by the commandants of the British, French, and Italian fleets of observation that ninety-six hours' notice must be given, they drew off, and returned to Cartagena. Before leaving, however, they plundered ten merchant vessels that lay in the harbor.—Admiral Lobo pleads guilty to having disobeyed orders in taking the Spanish squadron to Gibraltar. The government fleet arrived off Cartagena October 23, and formed in line of battle. The forts opened fire on the vessels, but without effect. The insurgent ships remained inside the harbor. An engagement was expected to take place on the day following.



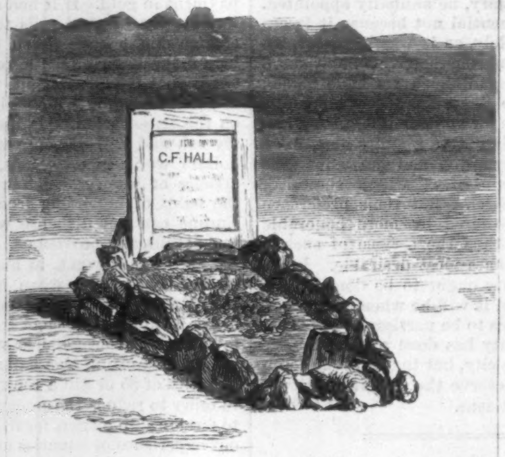
HIGHEST POINT REACHED BY THE "POLARIS," ROBESON CHANNEL, LATITUDE 82° 16'.



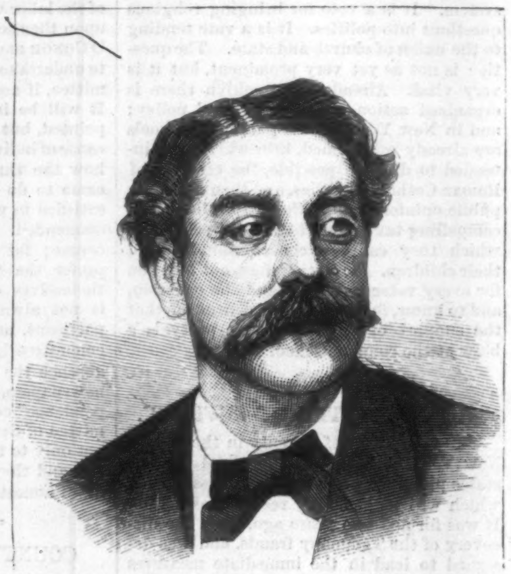
THE BURIAL OF CAPTAIN HALL, NOVEMBER 10, 1871.



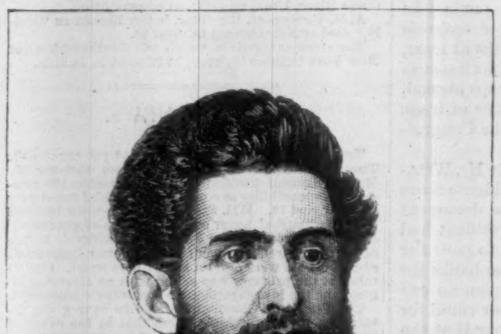
CAPTAIN S. O. BUDDINGTON.



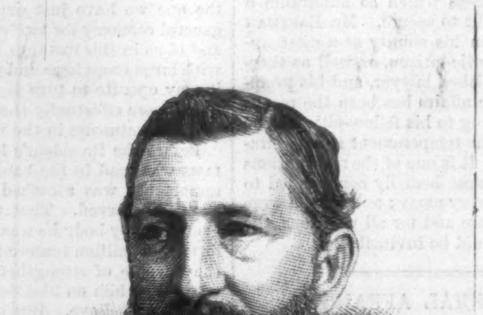
THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN HALL.



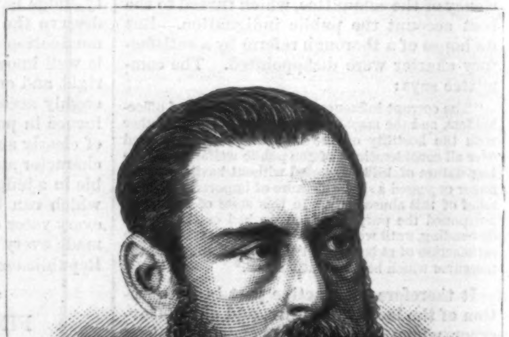
C. H. CHESTER, FIRST MATE.



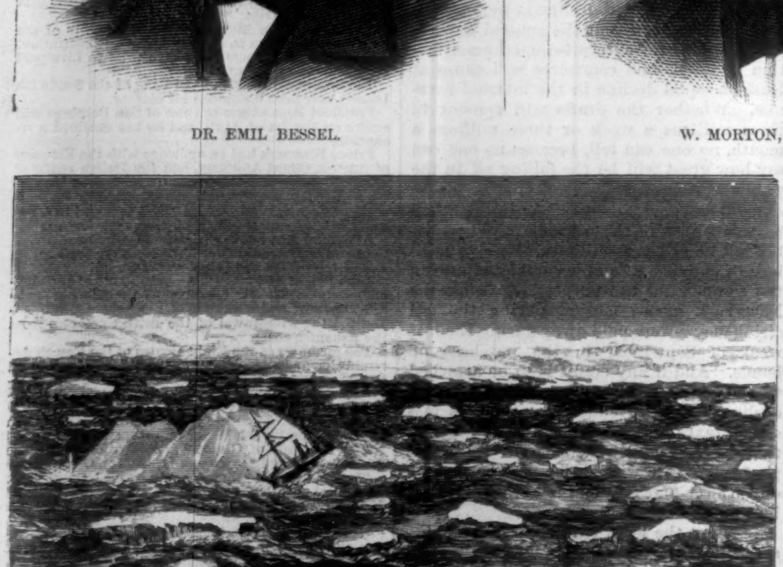
DR. EMIL BESSEL.



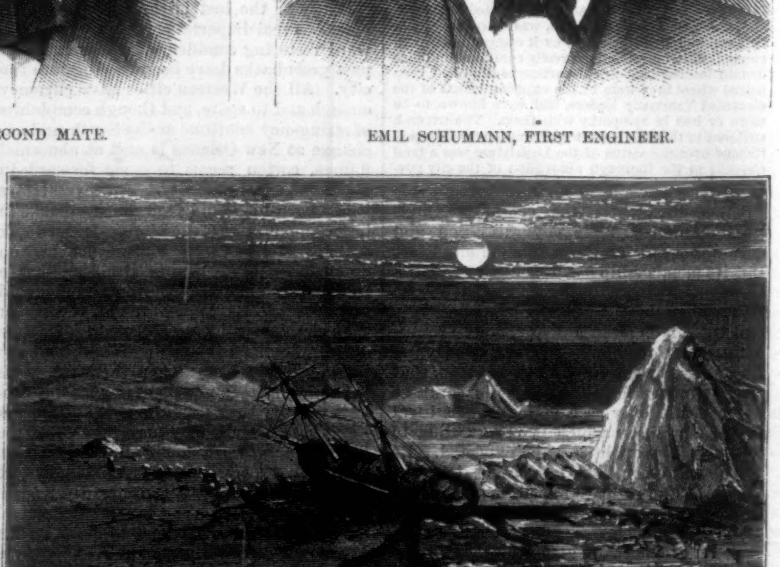
W. MORTON, SECOND MATE.



EMIL SCHUMANN, FIRST ENGINEER.



PERILOUS SITUATION OF THE "POLARIS," NOVEMBER 21, 1871.



THE BREAK UP AND SEPARATION, OCTOBER 15, 1872.

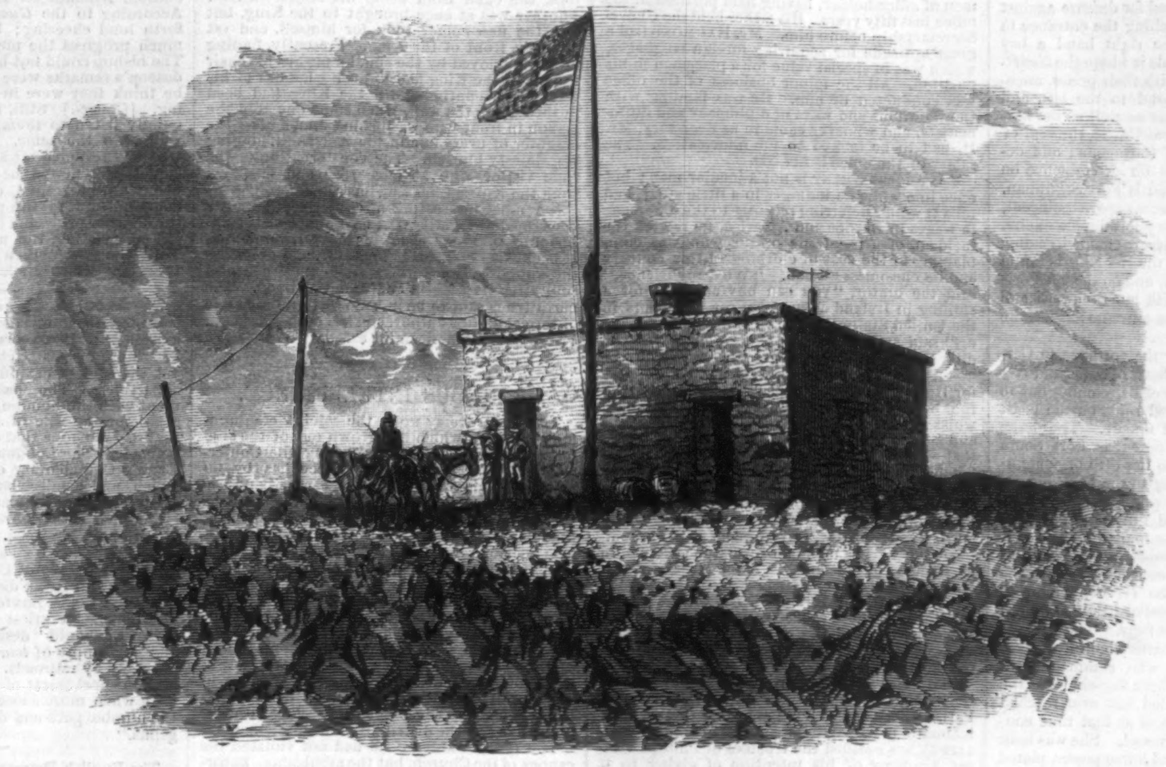
FROM THE ARCTIC WORLD.—Engraved from Photographs of Officers and Sketches by A. Gardner, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 998.]

PIKE'S PEAK SIGNAL STATION.

The United States Signal Service station on the summit of Pike's Peak was formally dedicated on the 11th of October last. It is a substantial one-story building, with walls two feet thick, and was erected at a cost of $2500. The structure faces the east. The ceremonies of the occasion consisted of brief and appropriate addresses, one of which was made by "Grace Greenwood," and the presentation of a large national flag by a young lady of Colorado Springs. Mr. Boehmer, the observer of the station, responded. When the Stars and Stripes were flung to the breeze from the highest signal station in the world, three rousing cheers were given. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present, and the party remained at the summit overnight to enjoy from that lofty peak the spectacle of sunrise.

The summit plateau contains about seventy acres of ground, is slightly rounded, and completely covered with huge boulders. A new trail has been opened up the Peak, over which parties can ride to the very top, the ascent being made from the southern side. It is longer, but more gradual and of easier travel, than the old trail. Supplies for the station will be carried up on pack-mules. A military reservation including the Peak is now in progress of formation.

Mr. Boehmer, with two associates, Messrs. L. A. Lemman and J. H. Smith, will remain at the summit station during the winter for the purpose of taking observations. Messrs. O. H. Sackett and E. W. Boutelle will be stationed at the Colorado Springs office. Our engraving is made from a sketch furnished by Mr. John A. Randolph, of Colorado Springs.

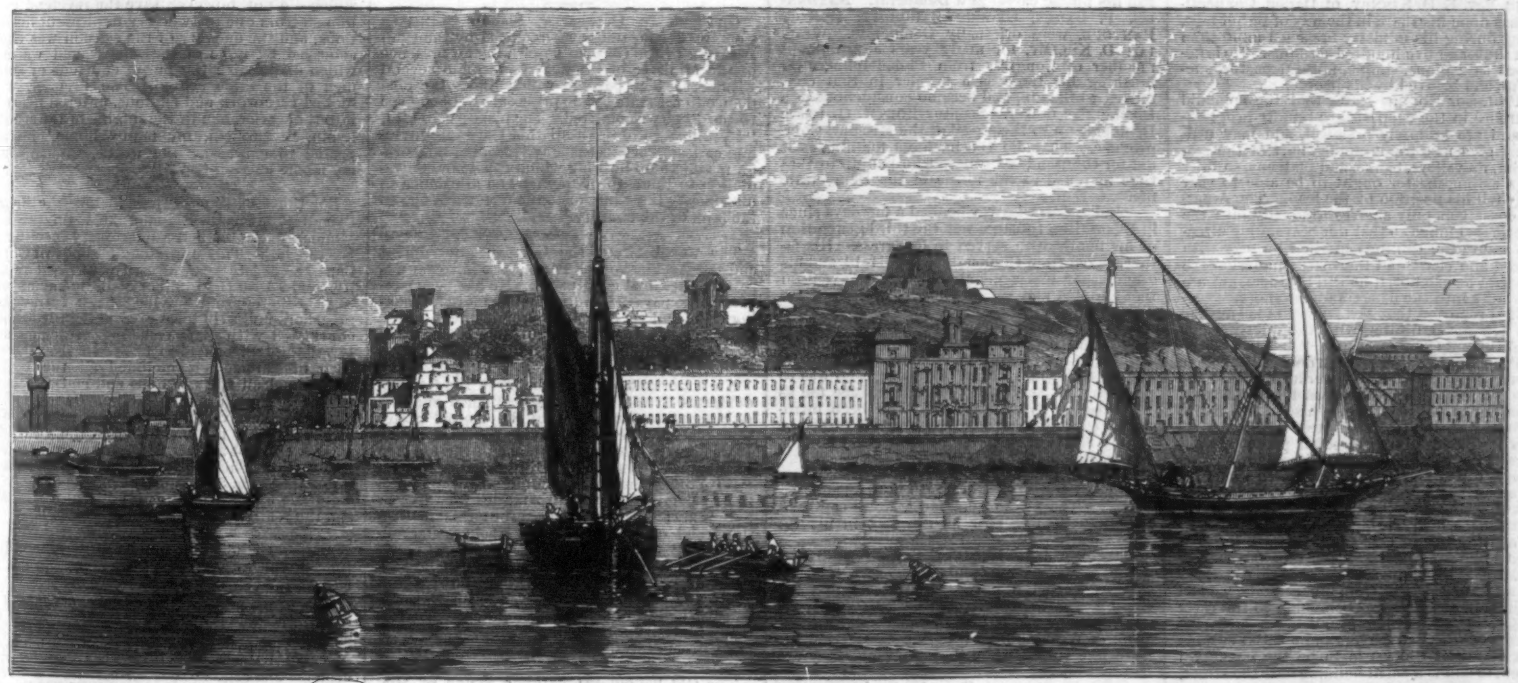


SIGNAL SERVICE STATION ON THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.—[From a Sketch by John A. Randolph.]

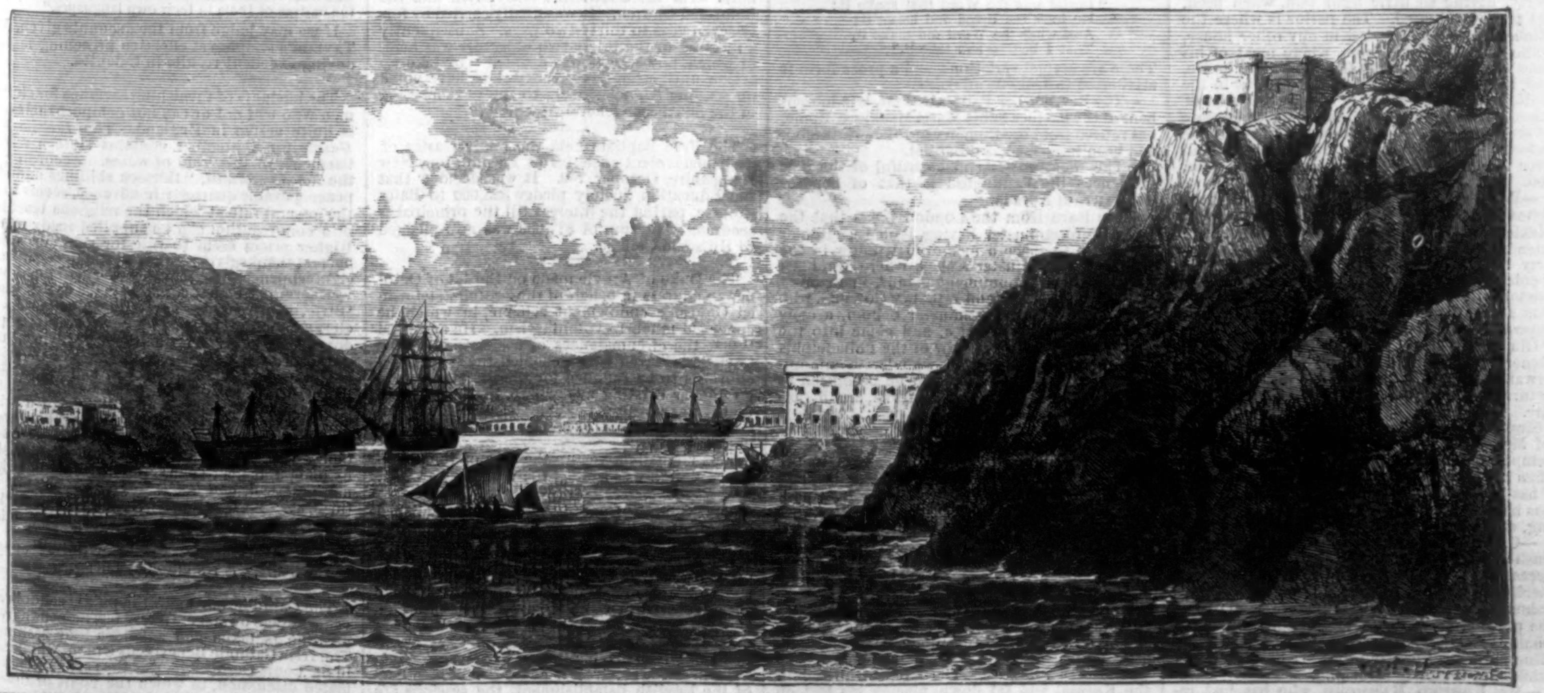
THE WAR IN SPAIN.

The harbor and town of Cartagena have been famed as a naval arsenal since they served as strongholds of the Carthaginian pirates, and were captured from them by Scipio. The town—in which, from the immense amount of booty it yielded, Livy declared that "all Spain was contained"—prospered under the Romans, suffered wofully under the Goths, and in later years again became a naval city of the first importance. Now, however, it has once more fallen into decay, owing chiefly to the superiority of Alicante as a commercial port, and only contains 30,000 inhabitants, one-half the population it numbered in 1786. Cartagena, if properly defended, is one of the strongholds of Spain, and during the Peninsular war the English held it against all the strenuous efforts of the French.

The view of the city from the sea will give the reader an idea of the general aspect of the harbor



THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN—GENERAL VIEW OF CARTAGENA FROM THE SEA.



THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN—ENTRANCE TO CARTAGENA HARBOR—THE INTRANSIGENTE IRON-CLADS "MENDEZ NUNEZ" AND "NUMANCIA" COMING OUT.

and town. It is well adapted for defense against naval attacks. Before reaching the entrance to the harbor there is on the right hand a bay called Escombrera Bay; this is where the *Swiftsure* and *Friedrich Carl*, with their prizes, anchored. On the rising ground to the left, and commanding the approaches as well as the harbor and town, stands Galeras Castle, the seat of the independent canton of Cartagena; and occupying a similar situation on an eminence on the right-hand rising ground is Fort St. Julian. The positions of these two works are magnificent, and they themselves are very formidable affairs. Entering the somewhat narrow channel leading to the harbor, there are on the right Forts Santa Anna and Santa Florentina, and on the left Forts Podadera and Navidad, with guns seaward and sweeping the land. On the extreme left lies the arsenal.

The other sketch shows the entrance to Cartagena Harbor, with the *Mendez Nunez* and *Numancia*, Intransigente iron-clads, coming out to make one of their periodical raids on the coast towns to obtain food and money. The large fort on the right, double tiered, is Fort Santa Anna, and from this fort on the 14th of September a French boat belonging to the French iron-clad *Thetis* was fired on while coming out to communicate with Admiral Yelverton, before daylight, when she had one man shot, and several others had narrow escapes. The iron-clad without any thing but lower masts under the land on the other side is the *Tetuan*, similar to the *Numancia*. She is moored head and stern in this position to assist the forts. The *Mendez Nunez* is a box or central battery built iron-clad, named after the admiral who commanded at Callao in May, 1866, and whose flag-ship was the *Numancia*, the first iron-clad that ever reached the Pacific from Europe, and at that time considered a most formidable vessel. She was built in France, is of one thousand horse-power, plated with four-and-a-half-inch armor. The *Numancia* recently ran down and sunk the frigate *Fernando el Catolico*, with all on board, whether by accident or design has not been clearly stated.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. E. D. Kinney, of Darien, Connecticut, has done his share in the way of pulpit talk, having during his ministry preached more than eight thousand five hundred sermons. He is described as a pious, simple, faithful pastor, successful, and beloved by his people.

—Professor Rogers states that the splendid researches in the deep sea are rapidly progressing, and are intensely practical, and may ultimately give us a topographic chart of the sea-bottom, its valleys, banks, and plateaus, so fully that a sailing-master ought to be able to very nearly tell his position by the lead. The American coast generally shelves gradually into the Atlantic—so much so that our best sailing directions assure the cautious mariner he may with the lead and chart find the marks underfoot so plain that he can not, if he will try them, get unknowingly into the dangers of the shore.

—It is reported that Mr. Disraeli is engaged on a new novel, dealing with the questions of Socialism and Communism.

—Professor Goldwin Smith doubts "whether a more virulent poison was ever infused into the veins of a nation than that infused into the veins of the American nation by such school histories as are used in the United States," and wants to know "what can be expected if people are fed through their childhood on such stimulants of national vanity and malignity." Mr. Smith may find an answer to his question in the admirable works for young people published by Harper & Brothers, which, so far as the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812 are concerned, are conceded to be singularly accurate and impartial.

—Mr. "Mark Twain" is constructing in Hartford a dwelling which, from all accounts, we feel justified in describing as belonging to the early *Ironic* style of architecture, being a cross between a Mexican adobe hut and a Swiss cottage built of brick: $40,000 is to be the cost. On the north end is a small building near the street, which contains the kitchen and servants' rooms, separate from the main building, while adjoining is a large dining-room, seventeen feet by thirty, having so little light that, when used, gas must be lighted. The parlor is where the kitchen would be located in any other house, while "Mark's" own room, where most of his time will be spent, is at the top of the house, and, in order to offset the want of light in the dining-room, this room is almost entirely of glass. Take it all in all, it is the queerest piece of architecture one has ever seen, but with one redeeming feature—that is, open fire-places all over the house, and good, generous-sized ones, too.

—Poor old Santa Anna, at three different times possessing almost absolute authority in Mexico, is now dragging out a miserable existence in exile, having sunk from wealth to poverty by his inveterate habit of gambling at "chicken disputes." He was President in 1833; Dictator in 1835; taken prisoner by Sam Houston at San Jacinto in 1836; banished in 1845; returned as general-in-chief in 1846; defeated by "Old Zach" at Buena Vista in 1847, and by General Scott at Cerro Gorda two months afterward. In 1847 he again went into exile, but returned in 1853, and was appointed Dictator for life. After ruling with despotic power for two years, he was again exiled. Soon after the death of Maximilian he returned, and made an attempt against the republic, but failed, and since then has been regarded as one of the permanent "has-beens." Throughout his whole career he has had an uncontrollable passion for cock-fighting, and now he has come to his final "main."

—Castelar seems to display more practical push and vigor than any of his Presidential predecessors. He has restored the rigor of military discipline, suspended the Constitution, established universal passports for natives, and placed the press under a severe law—under which the smallest offense is punished by a fine of $100. Meanwhile the Spanish funds are going up, and confidence is slowly returning.

—Mr. Edmund Hammond, who has just resigned the office of principal Under-Secretary of the British Foreign-office, was a fine specimen of office-holder, having held position in the office just fifty years. His father held the Under-Secretaryship before him. Mr. Hammond had a great aptitude for acquiring foreign languages, which was of special value for a placeman in his position. All the minor business of the office was conducted by him. He was familiar with the traditions and ways of diplomacy and diplomatists, and whoever came in as Secretary, Mr. H. had to be looked to for information. The salary of the office is $12,500.

—President Grant is not a jocular man; but once in a while he indulges in a little story, and tells it well. Referring recently to the difference in wages in Europe and America, he related the incident of a free-trade orator who was complaining of the cost of clothing in this country and its cheapness abroad. "Why, my friends," said the orator, "you can buy as much for a shilling in Ireland as you can for fifty cents in the United States." "True enough, your honor," said an Irishman in the crowd; "but the difficulty in Ireland is to get the shilling."

—A notable man in his way, Mr. Clay, M.P. for Hull, has just deceased. He was considered the best whist-player in Europe. Although whist in Parliament, he was potent in the clubs and among the votaries of the game. Not only that—he was a man of fine tact in making up differences between sections of his own party, and in settling compromises with the other side; a man, also, of gracious presence, with an elegant, finely-moulded head, and soft, engaging manners; a witty talker, and of many social accomplishments. His manual of whist is accepted in England as an authority. After Mr. Clay, Mr. Hayward, of the *Quarterly Review*, is regarded as first as to the jurisprudence of the game. The love of whist, as also of billiards, is rapidly extending among the educated classes of England, especially among the harder-worked professional men.

—Mr. Henry Ledyard, son-in-law of the late General Cass, and his secretary of legation at Paris (where the general was one of the most intimate personal companions of Louis Philippe), has notified the trustees of Phillips Exeter Academy of his intention of giving to it Healy's portrait of the general. General Cass was educated there.

—It is said that no man living in Massachusetts has held so many offices as George S. Boutwell, commencing as trustee of a school district, and going up to Secretary of the Treasury and United States Senator. Like many other prominent Massachusetts politicians, he began his public career as a Democrat. Nathaniel P. Banks, George Bancroft, Robert Rantoul, were originally Democrats. William D. Kelley, for many years a prominent member of Congress from Philadelphia, after finishing his trade as a jeweler in that city, moved to Boston, and became conspicuous as a Democratic orator. Senator Boutwell was a Democrat up to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. That did the business for him, as it did for thousands of others who had up to that time marched to the music of the Democratic fife.

—Judge John Law, who died a few days since in Evansville, Indiana, was the third generation of his family who served in Congress. His father served from Connecticut in 1811–12, and his grandfather was a member of the Convention that adopted and signed the Declaration of Independence.

—The quiet humor of Mr. Wilkie Collins found vent at Syracuse a few evenings since. Just as he was about to be introduced to the audience he said to Mr. Hanchett, who was to perform that service, "Don't introduce me as the greatest living novelist. I've been introduced so a number of times, and I'd rather be simply Mr. Collins. You know, every body is the greatest living something."

—Sir Charles Dilke has so far departed from the even tenor of his way as to become an Odd-fellow. The California Odd-fellows captured Sir Charles, and now he has cast in his lot with them.

—Ex-President Johnson, though fresh and vigorous for a man of his age, has a look of sadness, caused, doubtless, by the fact that the pecuniary savings of his lifetime are likely to be swallowed by the failure of the First National Bank of Washington. "Public men," said he, "are like ships—when they grow old they are laid by to decay."

—An Englishman "wants to know, you know," the name of the author of the lines often attributed to Queen Elizabeth:

> "Christ was the Word that spake it;
> He took the Bread and brake it;
> And what the Word did make it,
> That I believe and take it."

There are several variations, and a prose form is attributed to Lady Jane Grey.

—The Rev. Father Paolo Grassi, late incumbent of the Basilica Santa Maria Maggiore, Rome, has retired from the Roman Catholic priesthood, and been immersed as a Baptist.

—The most costly and beautiful of the new residences in Washington is that of Senator Stewart, of Nevada.

—We learn from the London *Times* that the Dean of Westminster having issued a circular proposing to place a memorial window in the chapel of Westminster Abbey, where William Wordsworth's monument stands, in memory of George Herbert and William Cowper, who were educated in Westminster School, a copy found its way to America, and came into the possession of the proprietor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, Mr. G. W. Childs, who has communicated with the dean, asking to be permitted to bear the entire cost of the memorial, and his offer has been accepted.

—Professor Mead, of Andover, gives expression to a fact which is fast and generally taking root in the minds of good citizens, as to the "Right of Bolting." He says, "The tyranny of the caucus will never be broken until we boldly take the ground that it has no authority, that it imposes no obligation, and that the only claim which any man has upon our votes lies in his own worthiness."

—An amusing instance is related of the *bonhomie* of the King of the Belgians. He was recently at Ostend, attired in a simple *bourgeois* costume, wearing a felt hat, and without gloves, sitting on a bench on the public parade, his only attendant being the Count d'Oultremont, who was also *en bourgeois*. The King strolled into the Kursaal and sat down, placing his feet on another chair. Presently some one came in with a lady, and coolly, without saying a word, took the chair from under his Majesty's feet. Another was at once brought to the King, but this the new-comer took for himself, and sat down in front of the King. Presently, finding himself annoyed by the sun, he pushed his chair back, and the King had to push back out of his way. This continued till the King had been pushed up to the wall, when some one told the person in front who was behind him, amidst the laughter of every one in the Kursaal, including his Majesty himself. The consternation of the rude visitor, who at once rose and hastened from the Kursaal, may be imagined.

—A most interesting discovery has recently been made in Paris, viz., an unfinished manuscript by De Foe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. It is entitled *Six Months in the Air*, and describes the supposed wanderings and experience of a soul after its separation from the body. The narrative is said to be in the most graphic style of the celebrated author, and has been purchased by a wealthy American for $2500.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The controversy upon the "joint communion" question which has grown out of the step taken by Bishop Cummins during the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance has by no means abated. It is contended earnestly on the one side that the act of Bishop Cummins was "a grave breach of ecclesiastical order," and that "it was openly hostile to the Church." The ancient precedents cited to show that Anglican clergymen have communed with Presbyterians are denied. On the other side a precedent near at hand is adduced, which, whatever its value as an argument, is striking as a fact. It appears in *Church and State:*

"In 1857 the predecessor of the present Dean of Canterbury, the distinguished Dean Alford, at a Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in Berlin, not only participated in a communion administered by those not in Episcopal orders, but assisted in the distribution of the elements."

The dean doubted if he had not violated the canons of the Church, but the archbishop, knowing the facts, wrote to him thus:

"My dear Sir,—I must take this opportunity of saying how much I have resented the bigotry and uncharitableness which the Berlin communion has excited. It is very right that at home we should keep out of *canon* shot, but widely as the range has been extended of late years, I never before heard that it could be stretched across the Channel.

"Very faithfully yours, J. B. Cantuar."

On Tuesday, October 7, Bishop Reinkens took, at Berlin, the oaths required by the Constitution of the German empire in the presence of the Minister of Public Worship and several witnesses. The passage which limits the obedience to the state by the prior oath of obedience to the Pope was omitted. The bishop also said, "I promise to observe all this the more inviolate as I am certain that my episcopal office requires me to do nothing which can be in contradiction to the oath of fidelity and allegiance to his Majesty the King, or to the obedience due to the laws of the country."

The war between the German government and the Archbishop of Posen, Ledochowski, is reaching its final conclusion. He has been condemned to pay six hundred thalers more for making an illegal ecclesiastical appointment. It is reported that the governor of the province will soon call upon him to resign his see.

An important interview between the German delegates to the Evangelical Alliance and the representative Lutherans of the United States took place before the delegates returned home. It was agreed, for the assistance of the German Lutheran churches in the United States, to send "(1) Young unmarried ministers, who, for a fixed salary, will come to America for three or five years; (2) From Dr. Wichern's institutions, and other similar ones, teachers and colporteurs."

It was also suggested that the Lutherans of this country should secure a good German professor and place him in one of their institutions, and also endow one or two scholarships in a German university for the benefit of students from the United States.

The Old School Presbyterian Synod of Missouri met at St. Louis October 17. The most important topic discussed was a proposition to unite with the Southern Presbyterian and the Reformed Church. It was finally carried by forty-seven yeas to thirty-two nays. Subsequently a meeting of the thirty-two objectors was held, in which, however, it was decided "to take no action until after the Presbyterians have voted on sending commissioners to the next meeting of the Southern General Assembly."

The Free Baptists held the anniversaries of their benevolent societies at Farmington, New Hampshire, October 7–9. It was decided that the Education Society pledge $25,000 to Bates College, paying the interest till the principal is secured. The sum of $17,000 was also pledged to Hillsdale College.

The Duke of Argyle made on the 1st of October an address in behalf of the Scotch Established Church's endowment scheme, in which he conceded much to voluntaryism. He admitted "that the circumstances of society and of the Christian Church which enabled the established churches to be founded for the first time were no longer existing any where in Europe, and that it was not now possible to secure the extension of established churches by Parliamentary grants."

This virtually gives up the case of the established churches as against the voluntary system.

The Church Congress of the Established Church of England assembled at Bath October 7. The number present was three thousand. The opening sermon was preached by the Bishop of Derry. The president, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, also read an inaugural address. The Bishop of Oxford read a paper on "The Church's Duty in Relation to Strikes and Labor." Papers were also read on the first day on "Lay Agency" and "Alms-giving."

Though the congress is composed of members of the English Establishment, the sessions are by no means without breezes of excitement. When the subject of lay help was under consideration, Archdeacon Denison was called up. According to the *Guardian*, "his name called forth loud cheering; but before he had made much progress the meeting was in an uproar. The bishop could not help saying that the archdeacon's remarks were not to the point, nor did he think they were in good taste or good feeling. [Cheers.] Still, he was ready to sit and quietly listen to them, and hoped the meeting would do the same. [Cheers.] Archdeacon Denison resumed his speech, but a reference to confession renewed the disturbance, and his time being up, he retired, observing that he could communicate to the public all he had to say through the press, and that he did not care three straws whether the meeting listened or not. Three cheers were then given for the bishop, and three counter-cheers for the archdeacon.

The *Jewish Messenger* complains that the American Jewish Publication Society has, after an existence of two years, accomplished so little. There are 100,000 Hebrews in New York, and yet the society has only one hundred and fifty subscribers. The *Messenger* advises an arrangement with the London Society of Hebrew Literature for the sale of its works in the United States. We hope that such an arrangement will be made. The London society has issued Eben Ezra's Commentary on Isaiah, his version of Isaiah, and a miscellany of Hebrew literature. Many Christian scholars wish to become better acquainted with Hebrew literature, and will be glad to have it placed within their reach.

The pilgrimage of Catholics from the United States is still freely discussed. The places proposed are Rome, Lourdes, Loretto, and possibly Jerusalem. A priest suggests that the traveling party should "deserve the name of *pilgrims*, and not simply of *tourists* traveling on land exclusively by railroads. Let them walk at least certain short tracts of the journey, and particularly when more close to the sanctuaries, with the humble garb and deportment of devout pilgrims."

The English Premier has a son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, in the ministry of the Establishment, who is quite ritualistic in his leanings. He has not, however, his father's oratorical talent. An English paper thus describes his preaching at a recent service which his father attended: "His manner was measured and slow, and his matter simple even to childishness. There was an almost slavish adherence to his manuscript, which did not, however, save the reverend gentleman from one or two very unpleasant hesitations, and the delivery of the sermon was characterized by none of the energy and warmth which distinguish the pulpit effusions of some men of the same school. The Premier, who looked care-worn and anxious, entered heartily into the service, and in the singing of the second hymn, 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' he appeared to emphasize the words, 'When shall my labors have an end?'"

For the first time in their history the Primitive Methodists of England held, on the last Monday in September, a missionary meeting in Exeter Hall. This unpretending body of Christians has of late years grown with great rapidity. "In 1830 the number of its members was 35,535—there are now 160,658; 234 traveling preachers and 2719 local preachers in 1830 were contrasted with 1005 traveling preachers and 14,751 local preachers in 1873. In 1830 the return of 420 chapels included all the rented rooms and all sorts of odds and ends of places of which the Primitive Methodists so readily availed themselves; now the number was 6352. The missionary income, which in the year 1830 was set down at £243 1s. 9½*d.*, has now increased to £32,000. The book-room in 1830 had a capital of £2016 18s. 5½*d.*, and the profits of the year were £78 5s. 3½*d.*; the capital is now £12,000, and the yearly profits upward of £3000."

A correspondent of the *Morning Star* writes thus of the Rev. William Taylor and his labors in the city of Calcutta:

"His efforts in these foreign lands are confined to English-speaking people, and those converted at his meetings are mostly European and Eurasian. He does not try to learn any of the native languages, but in his own mother-tongue pours the streams of Gospel truth upon the consciences of men. His work, therefore, is limited to important centres in a country like this, for he could not work to advantage among the heathen. He hopes to be able to raise up some in his meetings who shall become earnest preachers of Christianity to the natives of India in their own languages."

If we may judge from the accounts given, Mr. Taylor's simple yet effective preaching is producing excellent results in Calcutta.

The business of furnishing sermons for clergymen who will not or can not compose their own is quite active in England. The *Ecclesiastical Gazette* for September contains sixteen advertisements of this kind of wares. According to the *Non-Conformist*, "thirteen shillings and sixpence, payable quarterly in advance, seems to be the general rate at which the religious teaching of a congregation can be supplied ready-made. Higher prices seem to rule for rifle corps and harvest thanksgiving sermons, which fetch from eighteenpence to two shillings per sermon. Farewell sermons fetch as much as half a crown each. 'Strictly original sermons by an experienced clergyman' are offered at 'ten shillings per dozen.' Others, which a friendly 'review,' not more precisely designated, describes as 'admirable,' thoroughly to the point, and 'appealing to the heart,' are offered, 'each sermon free for twelve stamps, printed in italics with a wide margin,' to admit, we suppose, of local and personal alterations or additions. 'Manuscript sermons' will be 'purchased for immediate cash,' by one publisher; such sermons 'must be original, practical, *and legible*.' The importance of this last point is self-evident. Imagine a divine in the full current of a farewell discourse coming to a dead stop in his manuscript!"

As the market goes, pathos, with its "appeal to the heart," is ridiculously cheap.

The Catholic war upon the public schools advances stage by stage. Every few months a fresh position is taken and a bolder tone assumed. The Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, which met in St. Louis October 16, was the scene of an animated discussion, in which the point of debate was *how much* ought to be said against the public-school system. Father Phelan, chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, brought in, among others, the following:

> "*Resolved*, That the present deplorable attitude of the government toward religion and religious institutions is the result of the abandonment of the true, necessary, and saving principles conditioned by God and expressive of His holy will.
>
> "*Resolved*, That the present system of public schools, ignoring all supernatural authority, and making God, the first knowledge, the last thing to be learned, is a curse to our country, and a flood-gate of atheism and of sensuality, and of civil, social, and national corruption."

On the last resolution there was a warm debate, in the course of which Father Phelan said:

> "The public men of America were educated in the public schools, and were exhibitions of the system, and they were the most corrupt and dishonest of any country in the world. Men can steal in this country with impunity, provided the amount is large enough. That the children of the country go heels over head to the devil must be attributed to the education they receive in the public schools, which does not fit them for the temptations of the world. In these schools men of science are honored and eulogized, but the name of Jesus Christ is not allowed to be mentioned with reverence. These children turn out to be learned horse-thieves, scholastic counterfeiters, and well posted in all schemes of deviltry."

The resolution met with great opposition. According to the report to the *World*, "Mr. Hardy said that the Catholics had gained a great victory in driving the Bible out of the public schools.

"Father Graham, interrupting, said that the Church did not drive the Bible out of the schools. Its purpose was to put in them the correct version of the Bible and the Catholic catechism.

"Father Phelan again spoke, and said he thought the delegates from the East had not studied this subject enough. He frankly confessed that the Catholics stood before the country as the enemies of the public schools, and the reasons therefor should be stated. He considered those reasons were embodied in the resolution. They must say they would as soon send their children into a pest-house or bury them as let them go to the public schools. They were assured they would lose the faith. They were afraid the child who left home in the morning would come back with something in its heart as black as hell."

The resolution was finally recommitted, and the following substitute adopted:

> "That the system of State education now established in most States, by its failure to provide proper religious instruction for the young, and its enlightening the head to the entire neglect of heart culture, meets with our unqualified reprobation; that it unjustly taxes a large class of our people who can not, without danger to the faith and morality of their offspring, avail themselves of its advantages."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Torrey Botanical Club, which has been in active existence for a number of years, was recently reorganized by the election of George Thurber as president, T. F. Allen as vice-president, James Hogg, corresponding secretary, William H. Leggett, editor of the *Bulletin*, and P. V. Leroy as curator. Up to the time of his death this club had been under the presidency of Dr. Torrey, and the seventh number of volume four of the *Bulletin* contains a sketch by the present president of the history which led to the organization of the club, and a eulogium upon the eminent botanist whose name it bears.

The meetings of the club are held at the herbarium in Columbia College on the last Tuesday of every month, and many interesting communications are frequently presented, as shown by the record in the *Bulletin*. An appeal is made to the friends of science to establish a fund of about $3000 for the permanent endowment of the official organ. This is the only periodical in the country devoted exclusively to botany, and is now in its fourth year of publication.

It may not be generally known that the herbarium of Columbia College, in connection with which this club was started, is one of the finest in the country. It contains all the immense collections gathered by Dr. Torrey during the many years of his life, including the exchanges which he was enabled to make with herbaria at home and abroad. For a long time Dr. Torrey was the recognized head in American botany, and then shared the position, up to the time of his death, with Dr. Gray. On this account the greater number of the collections made by all the government exploring parties were placed in his hands for determination, with the privilege of retaining a series of specimens for himself. All these, of course, now form part of the Columbia College herbarium, and tend to give it its great value.

A special object of the Torrey Botanical Club is to prepare a catalogue of the flora of New York and its vicinity to the distance of thirty miles, an undertaking initiated in 1817 by Dr. Torrey.

In 1871 a charter was granted by the Legislature of the State, incorporating the club; and as an interesting illustration of the extent to which the Ring influence formerly pervaded every interest in New York, we are informed by Professor Thurber that among the names of the club two were introduced of leading politicians who had no interest whatever in science, and whose names were unknown to the other members. The charter thus granted allowed the club to hold property to the amount of $50,000; and it is supposed that the two extra names were inserted for the purpose of securing the chance, should any be offered, of making money. The club refused to accept the charter, and it was not until the next year that the names of these objectionable individuals were removed by an amendment. The present charter was first accepted by the club on the 7th of January last.

Professor G. Schweizer, director of the Moscow Observatory, died on the 5th of July.

A problem for African geographers to solve is presented by the assertion to Sir Samuel Baker, on the part of the natives, that Tanganyika, a lake of Central Africa, and the Albert Nyanza are the same, and that Ujiji is on the eastern border, and that it is possible to travel by boat from Ujiji to the north end of Albert Nyanza, although some portions are very narrow and intricate. Sir Samuel himself appears to accept the fact that the two bodies of water are the same, connected, perhaps, by narrow straits. It has been generally considered that the levels of the two lakes were very different; and we must either suppose an error on this point, or that the natives themselves have conveyed some false information.

It may be remembered that some months ago, at the instance of eminent astronomers in America and Europe, Professor Henry secured the privilege of free exchange over the Atlantic cable of information in reference to astronomical discoveries (as of comets or new planets, etc.), and that the Western Union Telegraph Company also agreed to carry such dispatches in the United States without expense. The arrangement was started on this basis, and soon after the French telegraph authorities granted the same privilege. We now learn that during the month of September a letter was received by the Smithsonian Institution from Mr. A. Wagner, vice-director of the Observatory of Pulkowa, announcing that the director of the Imperial Russian Telegraph has also given his consent to the transmission, free of cost, within the boundaries of the Russian empire, of messages announcing new astronomical discoveries.

It is expected that the international railway bridge which crosses the Niagara River between Buffalo and Fort Erie will be finished and formally opened some time during the present autumn. This enterprise is the undertaking of an independent company, by which the work was commenced in May, 1870. Its cost when completed will be over one million dollars.

At the Hoosac Tunnel the following report of progress up to August 1 has been made public: East end section, completed December 12, 1872; central section, heading advanced westward 151 feet; west end section, heading advanced eastward 137 feet. Total advance of headings during the month, 288 feet. Total length opened from east end westward, 14,235 feet; total length opened from west end eastward, 9677. Total lengths opened to August 1, 1873, 23,912 feet. Length of rock still to be pierced, 1119 feet.

Mr. Thomas Corwin, of Point of Rocks, Maryland (post-office address, Harper's Ferry, West Virginia), writes to the *Weekly* to say that he is prepared to furnish all the black bass that may be wanted for stocking ponds and streams throughout the country at the cheapest rate.

Professor Langley, as director of the Alleghany Observatory, at Pittsburg, in his report recently published, refers with satisfaction to the recovery of the fine object-glass of the telescope of the observatory, which was stolen on the 8th of July, 1872. When recovered it was somewhat scratched, and was placed in the hands of Messrs. A. Clark & Sons, who succeeded in restoring it nearly to its pristine condition. The observatory has been very active during the year, both in a utilitarian and a purely scientific point of view. One of its labors consisted in a connection with Austin, Texas, by a telegraphic circuit of about three thousand miles, for the purpose of determining, with the co-operation of the Cambridge Observatory, the longitude of that point, so that it might serve as a base for the future settlement of Western longitudes.

The observatory has also been constantly employed in furnishing time signals to the lines of railroads that pass through Pittsburg, these being sent at all hours of day and night to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, and many other points in the East, and West as far as Chicago. The entire movement of freight and passenger traffic over this great system of roads is now regulated by a single clock at the Alleghany Observatory, which may thus be considered as having its beats rendered audible at every railroad and telegraph office on the routes alluded to.

In addition to this class of labor, extensive observations have been made with a zenith telescope, and remeasurements of the longitude sheets of 1869, while observations have been made with a meridian instrument nearly every fair night in the year with the aid of the chronograph.

Professor Langley expects his establishment to be more and more confined in the future to the duties of a physical observatory, and occupied less with the cataloguing of the stars than with the study of the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies, and especially that of the sun.

Circulars have been issued by Captain Grant, of London, looking forward to an exhibition in that city, on the 1st of May, 1874, of a collection of the skulls and horns of the hollow-horned ruminants, such as oxen, goats, sheep, and antelopes, the object being to bring together as large a collection as possible, with a view of showing the variations in size and structure of each species, and the absolute number in public or private museums. Captain Grant estimates that there are fifteen species of the group known in Europe, thirty-nine in Asia, eighty-nine in Africa, and eight in America, or 150 in all, and it is desired to have from twenty to fifty specimens of each species exhibited.

The collection is to be classified and grouped by competent authorities, and marked with the names of those who shot or exhibited them. Preliminary to the exhibition, the circular has been widely distributed throughout Europe and America, in order to secure a list of specimens available for this purpose. A blank page is provided, to be filled out, with headings referring to the name of the animal, the exact latitude and longitude where shot, found, or bred, sex, age, length of horn along the curve, distance between the tips, circumference, and whether the skull is attached or not.

Should this exhibition prove to be satisfactory, it is proposed hereafter to have another of the solid horns of animals, such as those of the elk, deer, and even the rhinoceros.

It is a curious fact, as reported by Mr. Livingston Stone, that there are no fish in the Merced River or any of its tributaries above the walls of the Yosemite Falls. The streams which unite to form the Merced above the falls are the Nevada or Main Stream, the Lenaya, the Illilonette, and the Yosemite, all well supplied with clear, cold, and beautiful water, but totally destitute of fish of any kind. Connected with these streams are nearly a hundred lakes, from two hundred yards to a mile in diameter, and equally destitute of life. The average altitude of these lakes is about 8000 feet above the level of the sea.

Mr. Stone suggests the expediency of stocking these waters artificially with trout, especially the *Salmo spectabilis*, which inhabits only the coldest waters of the Sacramento. But it may be a question whether it will be practicable to accomplish this purpose satisfactorily in the probable absence of a sufficient quantity of food, which perhaps more than any supposed inaccessibility may be the cause of their absence. Insect larvæ and crustaceans, which might furnish nutriment to cyprinoid fishes, even if not fed upon directly by the *Salmonidæ*, are possibly unable to sustain the low temperature of the streams.

A similar absence of fish life to that referred to by Mr. Stone is seen in the upper waters of the Hudson, in the Adirondack region. In ascending Mount Marcy *via* Lake Henderson, from the old Adirondack Iron-Works, Avalanche Lake, quite a large and deep body of water, is met with, and this is said to be uninhabited by any kind of fish; and it is quite certain that Opalescent River, the bed of which travelers ascend in climbing the mountain, and which is a stream of considerable size, is likewise entirely destitute of fish. The only form of animal life that was observed by a party of naturalists who were engaged in the inquiry consisted of the larvæ of some species of salamanders, probably *Desmognathus fuscers*, the adults of which are very abundant on the upper levels of the mountain.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

When summer pleasures are gone, and autumn's brightness is slowly fading beneath the frosty breath of coming winter, fresh attractions of various kinds are presented in our cities as a substitute for those which the change of season has removed. Lectures, concerts, operas, dramas, public libraries and reading-rooms, and numerous picture-galleries afford to all of different tastes an opportunity of selecting such recreation as is most pleasing. Throughout the country, also, even in comparatively small towns, there is an increasing effort made to brighten the long winter months by the introduction of literary and artistic pleasures which may come within the reach of a large majority. Public libraries are common now in many New England villages: not *free* libraries, perhaps, but for a trifling expense open to all. An enterprising town in Maine of about three or four thousand inhabitants has made arrangements for a course of lectures during the coming season, some of our most popular lecturers having been secured. A love of music and art of the highest types is increasing every where; and whatever tends toward a true development of the æsthetic nature is beneficial to any community. We recently chanced to spend a few days in Watertown, Massachusetts, where every Tuesday afternoon the fine painting gallery of Mr. Adams (of Express fame) is open to the public. Without attempting to specify, it is sufficient to say that this large collection contains many rare and valuable pictures by some of our best artists, as well as fine sculptures and bronzes. Visitors are freely admitted, given access to the tower, from which there is a magnificent view, and allowed to walk at pleasure over the beautiful grounds which surround the house. As this private gallery is open every week, we were somewhat surprised when we visited it to find it crowded. Doubtless there were other strangers, like ourselves, there; but those who really love art enjoy frequent study of the same paintings. There is no truer way to prevent the young from desiring harmful pleasures and from seeking unwise associates than to meet the want of every youthful nature by supplying appropriate pleasures, by which a love for the good, the pure, and the beautiful will be cultivated.

Six thousand pilgrims to Paray-le-Monial helped themselves to a twig from the small thicket of nut trees surrounding the statue of the "Blessed." A gendarme stationed to keep guard over these trees permitted moderate thefts, but set his face against the abstraction of what might be called genealogical trees intended for distribution among a large family. A stalwart pilgrimess went so far as to climb up one of the largest bushes, and, deaf to the entreaties of the gendarme, who conjured her to descend, bore away a branch of no ordinary dimensions. After the departure of this nutting party, the thicket in which poor Marie Alacoque dreamed and prayed was as bare of leaves within six feet of the ground as if a flock of goats had been turned into it.

The new building to be erected for the Yale Theological School will be in the German Gothic style of architecture, not unlike the present edifice. It will contain one hundred bedrooms. The building is to be connected with the Marquand Chapel by an arched passage. It is expected that it will be completed within a year.

About the middle of the seventeenth century one Sarah Weber died in Holland, bequeathing property then valued at about £36,000 to her heirs; but the property was to be invested at compound interest until the third generation appeared on the stage of life. As the result of this curious arrangement about fifty ladies and gentlemen, claiming to belong to the Weber family, recently convened in this city to devise means for obtaining a share of the estate, which is now held by the government of Holland, and which is said to be worth over $100,000,000. In fact, for some thirty or forty years various attempts have been made to bring together the heirs to this vast estate. Now a committee of twenty has been appointed to take measures to recover the property, to be remunerated by twenty per cent. on the amount recovered; and if nothing is obtained, the committee to pay expenses.

We judge that some one must have offered a prize for the best misprint of the season. A Michigan journal presents the following, which occurs at the close of a touching obituary notice of an ancient preacher, "Although dead, he yet *squeaketh*."

A New York paper having written, apropos of some discussions in the Evangelical Alliance, a brilliant article on "Scientific Infidelity," succeeded in getting it printed "*Satanic* Infidelity."

Another newspaper, in announcing the desire of an advertiser to dispose of a blackbird, describes it as "a fine Irish *blackguard*, in full feather and good voice."

A reporter having taken notes of Mr. Beecher's saying that to realize the influence of God, man must use the appropriate faculties—that he can no more discern God by the lower and worldly faculties than he could the stars if he should undertake to examine them with the *bottoms of his feet* instead of with his eyes—succeeded in translating his notes into, "If a man should undertake to examine the stars with a *bottle of whisky*," etc.

And the London *Times*, in a report of a recent sermon of the Archbishop of York before the British Association, achieved the following champion error: "The Post-office telegraph, which best interprets this age, tells you the best you can come to in that line of thought:

"'And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,
Stretch the lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.'"

The words "Post-office telegraph" should have been "Poet Laureate."

Postal telegraph cards with space for twenty words are now issued in London at a cost of one shilling each. They are intended for inland messages only, and are delivered free within one mile from the terminal station. They may be posted like an ordinary letter in a letter-box, whence they are carried away by the usual collector for transmission by wire. A telegraph card deposited in a box after the departure of the night mails or during the time the telegraph office is closed would be taken out at 3 A.M., and sent off by wire as soon as the business of the day commenced. The cost of a reply to a telegram may be prepaid, and the reply may be sent at any time within two months of the date of the original telegram, a prepaid reply form being delivered to the receiver, who may either use it for the reply or to prepay another message.

"The true woman," says a late writer, "needs to be sought. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. If you gain *her* love, your two thousand are a million. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary. She'll keep every thing neat and nice in your sky-parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought, how very little happiness depends on money. Now do not say any more, 'I can't afford to marry.' Go, find the true woman, and you can afford it. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way."

The value of advertising was exemplified in a recent case, where, while a compositor on the Montreal *Witness* was setting up an advertisement for a lost canary, the bird flew in at the office window.

An official document states that there were last year in the English metropolis no less than 1683 known thieves.

What is the matter with the fishes? The dwellers near Lake Neahawanta report that this fall, while other species of fish in the lake continue as usual, great numbers of pickerel have been noticed floating ashore dead. So many have come ashore, in fact, that the shore is almost covered with them—pickerel of all sizes, from three or four inches long to fifteen or sixteen pounds each. It is believed by the people in that vicinity that the pickerel in the lake are all dead. And the Oregon *Astorian* narrates that there recently appeared floating on the surface of the Columbia River countless millions of a species of the herring family, about the size of sardines, all dead. The water for many square miles seemed covered with them. They seemed each to have a rupture just below the gills which produced death, and if not killed by some eruption in nature akin to an earthquake, must have come in from the sea, and overexerted themselves swimming against the fresh current of the Columbia, which is not their native element. This same species of fish is found in abundance about the bays and coast of British Columbia, where they are used as a substitute for candles.

No less than 941,992 tons of railroad iron were made in the United States last year.

Madame Nilsson does not lack physical courage, if we credit the popular version of an incident related of her during her recent visit in Russia. A party of hunters, including her husband, M. Rouzaud, went out bear-shooting near the Gulf of Finland. Though this is not a common pastime with Russian ladies, Madame Nilsson determined to try her hand in the amusement. At length the sought-for bear approached—an old white Russian bear. The Swedish singer did not tremble or falter. She knelt, took deliberate aim, and fired; and just as in the story-books, the monster lay rolling in death the next instant.

An Irish pilgrim to the shrine of the Sacred Heart went to dine at a Paris restaurant, astounding the ordinary *habitués* by his badge of the Heart, a red cross. The viands were served, and the waiter, who spoke English, presented the wine card. "I do not understand your language," said the Irishman; "but tell me what wine you would recommend me."

"Oh, monsieur, for that matter," answered the *garçon*, "it is quite an affair of preference. We have St. Julien, St. Estéphe, St. Emilion."

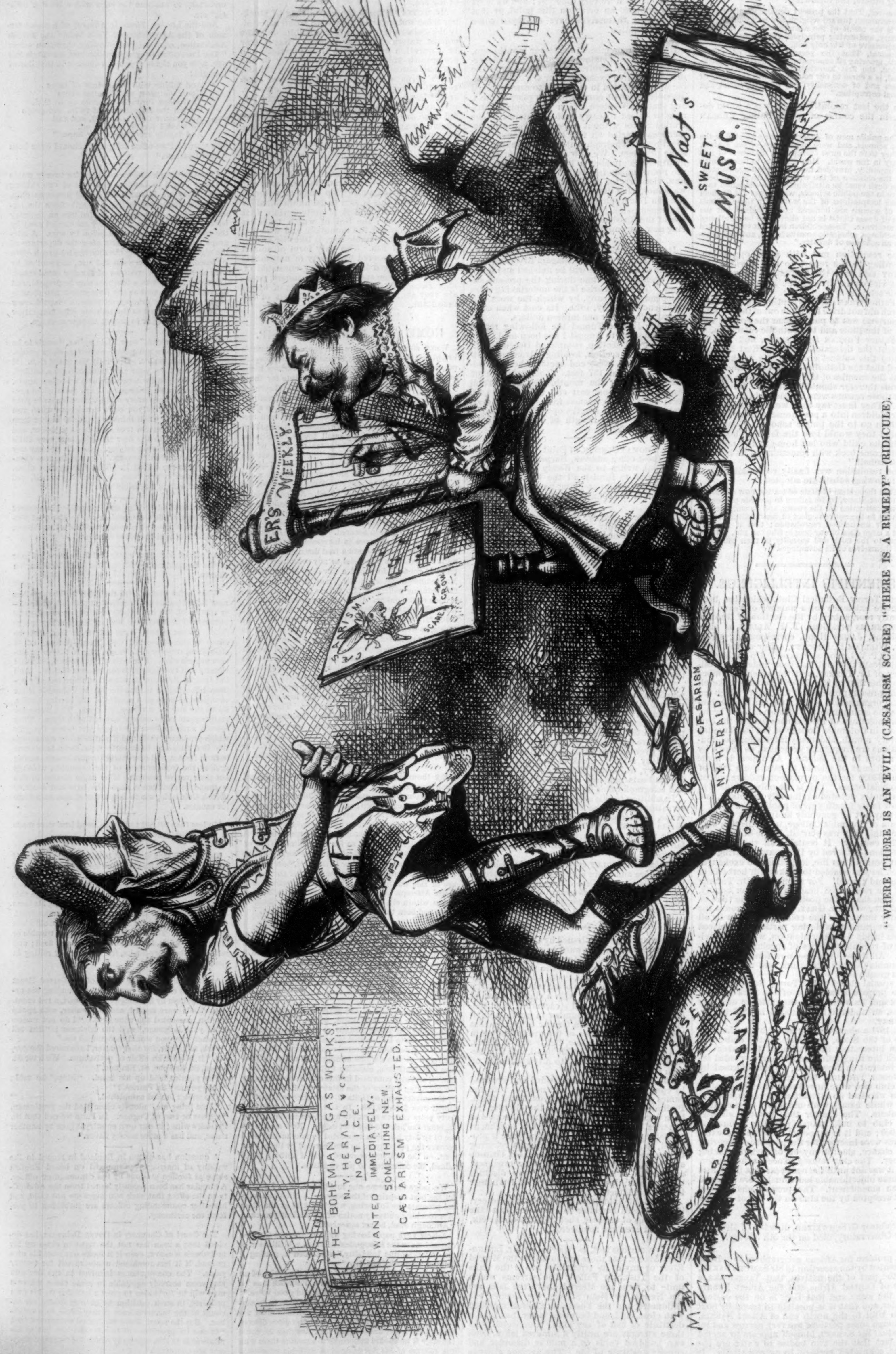
The pilgrim held up his hand. "Stop," he said; "have you any St. Patrick?"

The waiter looked astonished.

"Just bring me," piously ejaculated the gentleman, "a glass or two of Cognac. In Paris we call that St. Patrick's wine; in our own country it goes by another name, and has a more smoky flavor."

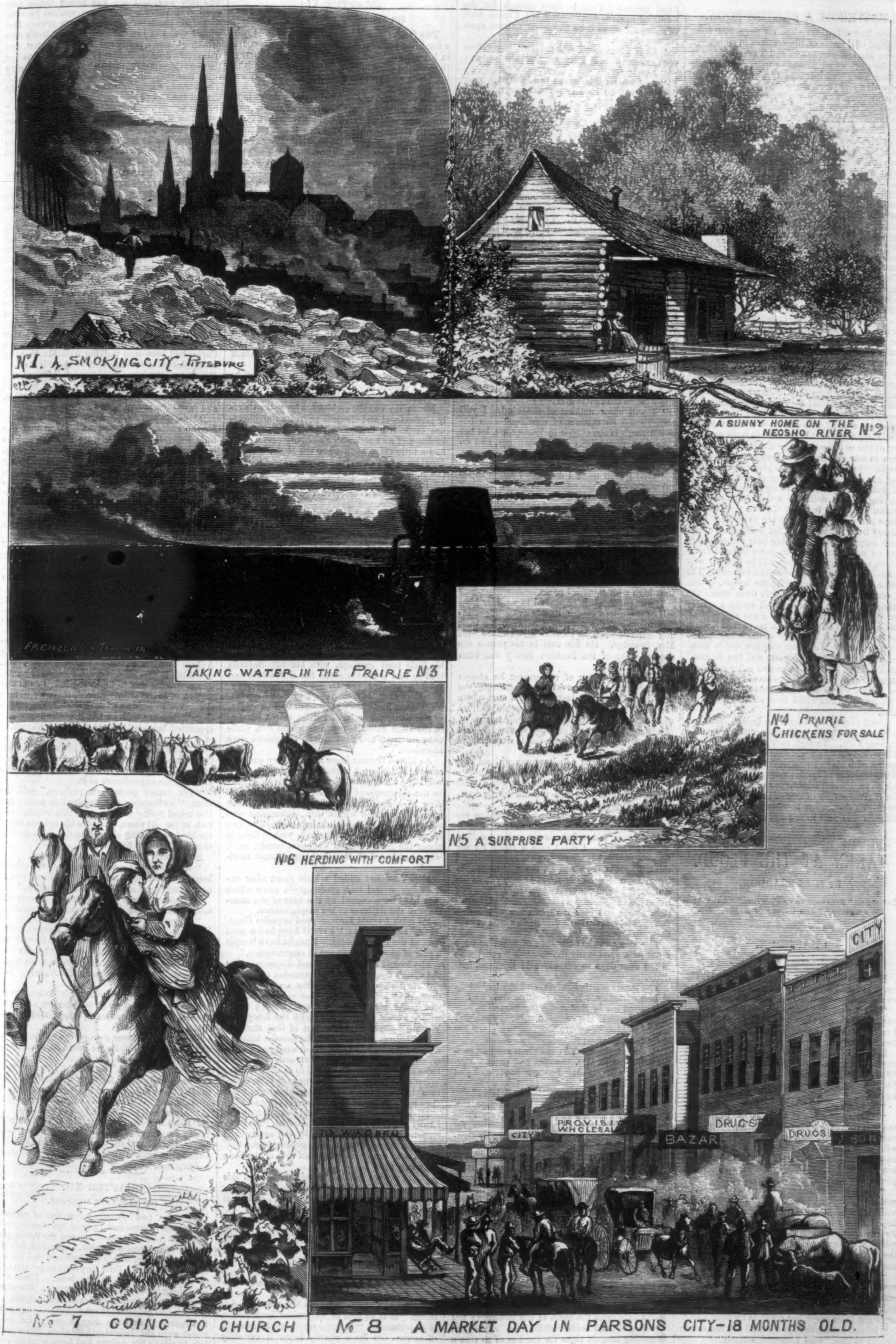
A question has arisen in England in regard to the validity of marriages solemnized on board English ships at foreign stations by the commanding officer. A circular has been recently issued from the Admiralty to the effect that such marriages are not valid, and hereafter commanding officers are forbidden to perform the ceremony.

The Court of Chancery in Dover, Delaware, has decided that a man has not the right to close up his neighbor's window, even if it looks out over his own ground, if it has remained unobstructed for twenty years. The consequences involved in the decision may seem scarcely equitable in some cases, where a man will be forbidden to erect a building on his own property, in such position as he may desire, on account of the inconvenience it may cause to a neighbor. But the court above mentioned considered that "it was its province not to alter the law, but to administer it as it is, especially where the rights of property are concerned."


THE BOHEMIAN GAS WORKS.
N.Y. HERALD & Co.
NOTICE.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
SOMETHING NEW.
CÆSARISM EXHAUSTED.
ER'S WEEKLY
CÆSARISM SCARE CROW
CÆSARISM
N.Y. HERALD.
Th. Nast's SWEET MUSIC.
HORSE MARINE

"WHERE THERE IS AN 'EVIL" (CÆSARISM SCARE) "THERE IS A REMEDY"—(RIDICULE).

J. G. B., JR. (*the would-be Brutus*). "I cry you mercy! stop! stop! I'll give in. I'll say no more about Cæsarism."


FRENZENY & TAVERNIER
CITY
PROVISIONS WHOLESALE
BAZAR
DRUGS
DRUGS
WARREN

No. 1. A SMOKING CITY—PITTSBURG

A SUNNY HOME ON THE NEOSHO RIVER No. 2

TAKING WATER IN THE PRAIRIE No. 3

No. 4 PRAIRIE CHICKENS FOR SALE

No. 5 A SURPRISE PARTY

No. 6 HERDING WITH COMFORT

No. 7 GOING TO CHURCH

No. 8 A MARKET DAY IN PARSONS CITY—18 MONTHS OLD.

LEAF FROM A SKETCH-BOOK.—DRAWN BY FRENZENY AND TAVERNIER.—[SEE PAGE 994.]

LEAF FROM A SKETCH-BOOK.

THE interesting sketches on page 993 form the third of a series of illustrations in which our artists, Messrs. FRENZENY and TAVERNIER, will tell the story of an extensive tour, commencing at New York and intended to include the most interesting and picturesque regions of the Western and Southwestern portions of this country. These gentlemen will not restrict themselves to the ordinary routes of travel. They will make long excursions on horseback into regions where railroads have not yet penetrated, where even the hardy squatter, the pioneer of civilization, has not yet erected his rude log-cabin; and the pictorial record of their journeyings will be a most valuable and entertaining series of sketches.

The two preceding illustrations showed the interior of an emigrant's boarding-house, and a party of emigrants on their way to the railway station. The "Leaf from a Sketch-Book" tells the story of our artists' departure from Pittsburg, and their entry upon the wilder portion of their route. Nos. 1 and 2 present a striking contrast: on the one hand the busy, crowded manufacturing town, with its smoky atmosphere and ceaseless din of forges; on the other, a sunny, quiet home on the banks of the Neosho River, with pure air, green trees, melodious birds, and every evidence of peaceful, happy industry and thrift. No. 3 shows a railway train on the prairie, stopping to take in water. The scarcity of water in certain localities in the far West compels the railroad companies to take advantage of every pool and pond, however small, to obtain a supply for their locomotives. Sometimes distances varying from fifty to one hundred miles have to be traversed between these sources of supply. Wherever these are found, high water-tanks are erected, into which water is pumped by stationary engines. When a train stops at evening at one of these tanks the spectacle, as may be seen in our sketch, is often exceedingly picturesque. In No. 4 we have a picture of a farmer and his daughter trudging to market with a lot of prairie-chickens, which they can sell at prices varying from a dollar to a dollar and a half a dozen. Many farmers in the West, after their crops are gathered in, contrive to make a little money from this source. No. 5 depicts a horseback surprise-party galloping over the prairie to pay an unexpected visit to some isolated farm-house, where their presence will be heartily welcomed, neighbors being few and far between. The odd appearance presented by the herder, in No. 6, comfortably watching cattle from under the shade of a huge umbrella, will excite a smile; but where there are no trees some measure of this kind must be taken as a protection against the burning sun. In many of the newly settled parts of the far West churches are few in number and long distances apart, and the farmers' families often have ten to twelve miles of horseback riding to do in order to attend divine service. No. 7 shows an honest, God-fearing farmer with his wife and child bent on this pious errand.

About twenty miles from the Indian Territory, in Kansas, is the newly settled border town called Parsons City. Though only a few months old, it is already a thriving, bustling, active business centre, with about two thousand inhabitants. It is the junction of several railway lines, and bids fair to become an important and flourishing city. No. 8 gives a view of one of the principal streets on market-day, when farmers and hunters come from far and near to sell and make purchases.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

A HUMILIATING REJECTION.

EDMUND STANDEN'S interview with Mr. Carew was far from satisfactory. His candor evoked no responsive generosity from the school-master.

"If your mother means to disinherit you, and you have to begin the world without a sixpence, I can't see that my daughter will better her position by marrying you," said James Carew, dryly.

He had left his rough gang of scholars to their own devices, and come into the parlor, whither Sylvia had summoned him, and whence she had fled, leaving her lover to fight his battle as best he might.

"We love each other," pleaded Edmund.

"That's a boy and girl reason. But I can not see that mutual affection is sufficient ground for mutual starvation. To talk about marriage now, with your way to make in the world, is a sheer absurdity. Come to me by-and-by, when you are able to keep a wife, and I may be able to give you a more favorable answer."

"I don't ask your consent to an immediate marriage," replied Edmund. "I am willing to wait a few months. By the end of that time I hope to have won a secure income and a home for my wife. She has not been accustomed to splendor or luxury," he added, with a glance at the homely parlor, "and she will know how to manage matters upon a moderate income."

"She has been accustomed to the sharpest poverty," answered Mr. Carew, "but that is no reason why she should endure its stings to the end of her days. So lovely a girl as my daughter ought to improve her position by marriage."

"Which means that you would sell her to the highest bidder," said Edmund, bitterly.

"Nothing of the kind. It only means that I will never give my consent to her marriage with a man who has less than a thousand a year of fixed income. That is little enough for the wants of modern life," added Mr. Carew, with as grand an air as if he had never existed upon smaller means.

"Then I am to understand that you refuse your consent?" said Edmund, pale with anger.

"Absolutely."

"And whatever influence you have with your daughter will be used to prevent her marrying me?"

"Decidedly."

"Very well, Mr. Carew. I am bound, however, to inform you that I do not believe your daughter will abide by your decision in this matter."

"There she must please herself," answered the school-master, coolly. "I can only try to prevent her throwing herself away, but if she has set her heart, or her mind, whichever it is that governs a woman's impulses, upon marrying a beggar, I can not help it. I can only forbid you my house," he concluded, as loftily as if the low-ceiled parlor had been a mansion.

"You need not trouble yourself to do that," replied Edmund. "This is the first time I have crossed your threshold, and it shall be the last. I only came here to-day because I had a duty to perform."

"Oh! it was your duty to tell me, after you had stolen my daughter's heart," said the school-master, icily.

Edmund did not reply to the taunt, though it wounded him. It was Sylvia's fault that he had not made this communication sooner. He could not tell her father that.

"I am going to leave England for some time on family business," he said, quietly. "Will you allow me to bid Sylvia good-by?"

"I will allow nothing of the kind. I will countenance no manner of communication between you. If she choose to disobey me, let her take the consequences of her own act, and do penance for her folly in a garret or a gutter. I shall not pity her."

"And I shall think I do a good action in removing her from the custody of such a father," exclaimed Edmund, angrily.

"Good-morning, Sir," said the school-master, opening the door; "my pupils are clamorous, and I must return to them."

Edmund gave him a haughty bow and went out, his bosom swelling with indignation. What would be said in Hedingham should it be known that he had sued for the school-master's daughter and been contemptuously refused? His heart beat high with wounded pride.

He was sufficiently provincial to consider himself of some importance, lightly as he might affect to regard the difference between his rank and Sylvia's when he pleaded love's cause with Mrs. Standen. He felt that in his person the respectability of the Standen family had been outraged.

In this little burst of resentment he almost forgot Sylvia and love. He was crossing the church-yard, and had just reached a spot where the shade of cypress and yew was deepest, an unfrequented nook by the ivy-mantled tomb of the Bossinys, when a light step sounded behind him, and presently two little hands were clasped upon his arm.

"Edmund, would you leave me without saying good-by?"

Anger fled at the sound of that voice. He looked down at her with the old loving look, mingled with sadness.

"My dearest, it would have half broken my heart to part thus, but I had no time for lingering, and your father forbade my seeing you."

"My father! I don't care a straw for my father's commands where you are concerned. I think I should have run all the way to Monkhampton, under the hot sun, to catch you at the station, if I hadn't overtaken you here. But as I have caught you, stop a minute, Edmund, in this dark shade, and give me one more kiss before you go, and tell me once more—one little once—that you love me."

The kiss and the assurance of affection were repeated a good many times. "My sweet wife in the dear days to come!" said Edmund, tenderly.

The words startled Sylvia, and she looked up at him curiously. It was the first time he had ever called her by that endearing name.

"Your wife!" she repeated. "Do you think it ever will be, Edmund?"

"What, sweetest?"

"Our marriage. You see there are two people to hinder it, Mrs. Standen and papa. Perhaps they will put their heads together and plot against us."

"My mother plot! For shame, Sylvia!"

"You needn't be offended. I said papa too. I'm sure *he's* not above plotting. Every thing seems against us—this voyage to Demerara, for instance, as sudden as if you had received a summons from some one in the moon. Do you honestly think we shall ever be married, Edmund?"

"Yes, my own love, if we are but true to each other."

He kissed her once again, and this time it was verily the parting kiss, for the great hoarse bell of the church clock boomed out twelve heavy strokes, till the air round them seemed to tremble, the mighty cypress to shiver.

"Be true to me, darling," he cried, with almost despairing fondness—"be true to me, as God knows I shall be true to you." Then with a desperate wrench he put her from him, and hurried away, blinded by tears his manhood was ashamed of. Good-by was a word he had not courage to utter, and so he left her leaning despondently upon the tomb of the Bossinys; not weeping—tears with Sylvia were rare—but breathing languid sighs for the loss of so true a lover.

"How dull the place will seem without him!" she thought, dejectedly.

CHAPTER XI.

SIR AUBREY IS INTERESTED.

THE fancy fair had been a great success. Such a fund had been raised as justified Mr. Vancourt in bringing a Monkhampton architect to survey the existing school-house, with a view to furnishing plans and specifications for a better one on the same site.

The vicar and one of his daughters drove into the market-town on the afternoon of that day in which Edmund Standen bade a reluctant farewell to Hedingham and all that it contained—the vicar intent on business, Miss Mary Vancourt intent on the shop windows, which offered the wealth of the new autumn fashions to the feminine gaze.

"Oh, look, papa, at those funny brown and yellow stripes!" she exclaimed, as she walked the fat pony at a funeral pace past the showy windows of Mr. Ganzlein, the great Monkhampton draper. "Those are to be all the rage this year. Florence Toynbee told me so, and you know she has a cousin in Paris. They're ugly, but rather stylish. I think I shall have one."

Mr. Vancourt gazed with indifferent eye upon the splendors of Ganzlein's: the last importation of cuffs and collars—"sets," as they were called at Ganzlein's—from Paris or Spitalfields; the Ayrshire sewed work; the more costly industry of Madeira's convents; the lustrous silks; the dainty umbrellas. He was riding his own hobby, the Gothic school-house, and had no sympathy with his daughter's aspirations, which always took the direction of millinery.

"Drive a little faster, my dear," he said, briskly. "I want to catch Mr. Spilby before he leaves his office."

Mr. Spilby was the architect, who to the strictly professional and æsthetic pursuit of architecture conjoined the more perennially profitable business of an auctioneer and house-agent. He had a little office abutting on the High Street of Monkhampton, at a sharp corner, over against a pump, and where two smaller streets branched off from the main thoroughfare—a situation, in fact, which was considered one of the best in Monkhampton.

"You can wait here for me, my dear," said Mr. Vancourt, as the pony drew up before Mr. Spilby's plate-glass door—a smart-looking office was Mr. Spilby's, beautified with framed and glazed views of villas and country-seats for sale or hire, houses whose architectural attractions were enhanced or set off by preternaturally vivid verdure and a tropical sky. "You can wait, Mary, while I speak a word or two to Mr. Spilby. I sha'n't be five minutes."

Miss Vancourt gave a little sigh, knowing that under such circumstances the vicar's five minutes meant half an hour. But she breathed no remonstrance, and settled herself in the comfortable little pony carriage, with her sun-umbrella held so that it should shade her sufficiently and yet not prevent her seeing and being seen. Monkhampton, at four o'clock in the afternoon, was quite a lively place. Three or four carriages, of the barouche or landau tribe, might be seen in the High Street between four and five, while pony carriages and the lesser fry of vehicles were abundant.

As Miss Vancourt knew nearly every one who passed, she was not without amusement. Now wafting a kiss from the tips of her gloved fingers to the occupants of a stylish landau; now nodding to a charioteer in a pony carriage; now exchanging a few words with pedestrians who stopped to shake hands, make a remark or two about the weather, and inquire with solicitude about the health of the Vancourt family, as if, when last heard of, they had been almost moribund.

Miss Vancourt stifled a little yawn after exchanging several such greetings—a yawn which may have been caused by the heat of the afternoon or the dullness of her acquaintance.

"I wish I could have stopped opposite Ganzlein's," she thought; "I could have had a good look at the new fashions. I might have bought a pair of gloves to keep me in countenance."

She looked at her watch, and discovered that the vicar's five minutes had extended to twenty.

"He'll stop with Mr. Spilby an hour," she thought, "prosing about that old school," by which she meant the new school. "I really wish we hadn't helped papa with the fancy fair. We shall never hear the last of that tiresome school-house; and I'm sure the present building does well enough. It keeps out wind and weather, and if the children are a little crowded, it's no more than they're accustomed to in their homes. What's the use of disturbing the poor little creatures' ideas of life with fine architecture, when they must go home to their hovels after all?"

Miss Vancourt gave a second yawn, which she hardly took the trouble to conceal. She was surprised in the midst of it by the appearance of a gentleman upon a well-groomed chestnut horse, who drew rein on the off side of the little pony carriage.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken," said this gentleman. "It is Miss Vancourt."

The yawn was strangled untimely, and Miss Vancourt became all smiles and brightness.

"How do you do, Sir Aubrey?" she said, shaking hands with the lord of the soil. "Papa is in the office, talking to Mr. Spilby about the new school-house."

"Indeed! Do you know, I am very much interested in that new school-house. That little Arcadian festivity yesterday afternoon was charming. I was never more gratified."

"Really!" exclaimed Miss Vancourt, brightening. It is so nice to be praised by a person of importance. "It was a very humble attempt, of course, but for a charity bazar it certainly went off amazingly well."

"The bazar!" exclaimed Sir Aubrey; "I wasn't thinking of the bazar just then, though it was very nice, and did you young ladies vast credit—all those pretty things worked by your own fair hands—delightful, I am sure. But what I spoke of just now was the children's tea-drinking—such a pretty rustic scene! in that nice old orchard—the happy children—a—arrah—that—arrah—pretty girl who helped to give them their tea—altogether a very sweet scene." The baronet's languid tones stumbled curiously toward the end of this speech.

"I suppose you mean Mr. Carew's laughter," said Miss Vancourt, contemptuously. "Rather a bold young person. My sister and I used to be kind to her as long as we could afford to do so. But lately there have been some unpleasant reports."

"Unpleasant reports!" echoed Sir Aubrey; "what kind of reports?"

"I had rather not discuss the subject, if you please, Sir Aubrey," replied Miss Vancourt, drawing her lips together primly.

"I am sorry that village slander should touch so innocent a creature," said the baronet; "for it needs no profound knowledge of the human countenance to see purity in that fair young face."

Miss Vancourt sighed gently, but made no reply. It was hardly worth disputing about Sylvia's character with this senile baronet, who evidently admired her pretty face. Nor could Miss Vancourt have said very much against the young woman had she been forced to speak plainly. She had only been informed by some one, who had been informed by some one else, that Sylvia Carew had been seen walking with Mr. Standen in the shades of evening. And this Sir Aubrey Perriam might have considered insufficient evidence for the condemnation of a village beauty.

Mr. Vancourt emerged from Mr. Spilby's office, and saved the necessity of further argument.

"How do you do, Sir Aubrey? Nice weather for the crops. I'm happy to tell you that our little festival, which you were good enough to honor with your presence, was a positive triumph. The bazar has produced us close upon eighty pounds. This, with previous collections, brings us up to three hundred. So in about two years more, if things go well, we may count upon something very near a thousand, and by that time may certainly begin our work. The old place will hold together very well for a couple of years longer."

"It would last half a century, I'm sure, papa," said Miss Vancourt, disdainfully. "I can't think why you are so anxious to build new schools. I dare say it will end in a debt which you will be obliged to pay."

"Let us hope that Mr. Vancourt's parishioners will be too generous to permit such an injustice," said Sir Aubrey, with an air that implied his own willingness to come to the rescue. Yet the voice of Rumor, in Hedingham and Swanford and neighboring parishes, affirmed that Sir Aubrey Perriam was close, and that if there was one thing in this world he most cordially hated, that one thing was to dissever himself from any portion of his wealth. Indeed, there were some slanderers so base as to declare that, despite his elegant bearing and perfect dress and carefully appointed household, Sir Aubrey was something of a miser. He did not put money away in iron-bound chests or bury it in the earth; but he invested it from time to time with studious care, and men found it very difficult to beguile him into the expenditure of it.

"It's rather premature, perhaps," said the vicar, "with only three hundred in hand; but I've asked Spilby to come over this evening and look at the old place, and give his opinion about the kind of building adapted to the site—Gothic, of course, it must be."

Sir Aubrey was wonderfully interested.

"What, Spilby's coming to look at your school-house this evening!" said he. "I should like to hear what he says. Clever fellow, Spilby."

Sir Aubrey always praised people. It cost him nothing, and made things generally agreeable.

"If you will do us the honor of dining at the Vicarage, Sir Aubrey," said Mr. Vancourt, heartily, but stopped abruptly, frozen by a frown from his daughter—a frown which meant that the Vicarage dinner was not good enough to be taken unawares by so great a man as Sir Aubrey. But men are so rash.

"The idea of papa asking Sir Aubrey to go home with us when we've nothing but soup, and the cold fore-quarter of lamb," thought Miss Vancourt, indignantly.

Perhaps Sir Aubrey guessed the reason of that unfinished sentence, for he made haste to refuse the vicar's invitation.

"You're too good," he said; "but my brother would wait dinner for me. I must ride back to the Place; but I'll come to Hedingham directly after dinner. What time do you expect Spilby?"

"About half past seven."

"Keep him till half past eight. I'll be with you by that time. Good-by, Miss Vancourt. *Au revoir*, vicar;" and the baronet touched his chestnut's velvet neck with the bridle, and rode off at a sharp trot.

CHAPTER XII.

HIS INTEREST DEEPENS.

THE sun had left only a low line of crimson behind the cypress and yews in the church-yard, when Sir Aubrey Perriam opened the rustic gate of the school-house garden. He had left his horse at the inn, where the landlord and his underlings were not a little surprised to see the lord of the manor at so late an hour. There was something cheering in his appearance. It seemed as if he meant to take notice of Hedingham.

"It's like old times to see you among us again, Sir Aubrey," said the man, vaguely, for those times were old, indeed—older than this mortal life, in which Sir Aubrey had been wont to honor Hedingham with frequent visits.

"I've come to see the architect who is to draw the designs for the new school-house, Barford," said the baronet, graciously.

"Deary me! Yes, our vicar's such an active gentleman, allus up to something," replied Mr. Barford, who would have preferred a more sleepy vicar, and less frequent calls upon his own purse.

Those improvements of Mr. Vancourt's imposed a tax upon Hedingham—yet it was something to live in a village that stood foremost in the march of civilization. Mr. Vancourt had even talked about restoring the church—doing away with the gallery in which generations of Hedingham folks had listened in slumbrous repose to drowsy afternoon sermons—and beautifying chancel and aisles in some wonderful manner. But the Hedingham people strenuously opposed any such new-fangled notions. They liked the church as their forefathers had sat in it, they said, sentimentally; and they liked their money in their pockets; but this they did not say.

The architect and Mr. Vancourt had been pacing and measuring and planning for the last half hour. Sir Aubrey heard their voices as he opened the little gate and went into the school-master's garden. But he was in no hurry to join them. He strolled slowly along the narrow path, admiring that homely mixture of flowers and vegetables, the entanglement of pinks and pansies protected by a border of thick box that had been growing for the last forty years, the tall hollyhocks that screened the cabbages and beans, the spreading rose-bushes. To a man who lived half the year in Paris this village garden had charms.

"After all, there is no place like England," he said to himself, "and there are no women so pretty as Englishwomen. Where on the Continent could one match the pink and white of that girl's complexion?"

He found Mr. Vancourt and the architect pacing the little grass-plot before Mr. Carew's parlor. Sylvia sat just within the open door, watching them while she worked, making as fair a picture in the twilight as a painter need care to see. Her father lounged against the door-post, smoking his evening pipe.

Sir Aubrey gave a nod to the vicar and Mr. Spilby, and went straight to the door, where he wished Miss Carew good-evening, with bare head.

The girl gave a little start at first seeing him, and the fair face crimsoned. What could have brought him here to-night—to-night of all nights, when poor Edmund was on his dismal way to Southampton?

Sir Aubrey saw the blush, and was gratified. There were ladies of his acquaintance who affected to consider him an old man. It was pleasant to find that he could flutter the pulse of this lovely young creature.

"I hope you are not very tired after your exertions yesterday," he said, courteously. The school-master had laid aside his pipe, and was bringing out a chair.

"I am not at all tired, thank you, Sir Aubrey," replied the girl, smiling at his question, in the serene security of youth and health. "I really don't know what it is to be tired. I suppose that comes from never riding in carriages."

"I would lock up my stables and dismiss my grooms to-morrow, if I could secure the same immunity," said Sir Aubrey, with a gentle sigh, sinking into the chair which James Carew had placed for him.

He acknowledged the school-master's courtesy with a stately inclination of his head. "This gentleman is your father, I presume?" he said to Sylvia, inquiringly.

"Yes, Sir Aubrey."

"Charmed to know you, Mr. Carew," murmured the baronet, condescendingly. "I didn't see you in the orchard yesterday."

"No, Sir Aubrey. The children's feast-day is my one day of perfect rest. And as I am not particularly strong, I leave younger and gayer folks to make the little ones merry. My presence would set them gabbling their tables, I fancy, from mere force of habit."

"Very likely," said Sir Aubrey, laughing, with that easy mechanical laugh acquired in polite society. "Very good, Mr. Carew. And is this young lady your youngest daughter?"

"She is my only daughter, Sir Aubrey, my only child."

"Indeed. You must be very fond of her."

James Carew looked at his daughter with a puzzled expression, feeling that he was called upon to say something tender—to let loose some gush of emotion, such as might be expected to flow from the lips of an only child's father.

But those two had not cultivated the language of the affections, and Mr. Carew had no such words at his command.

"We get on very well together," he said, trying his hardest to be tender; "but I'm afraid the life is rather a dull one for her."

"You speak with a refinement of accent which I should hardly have expected in—"

"In a Hedingham school-master," said Mr. Carew. "I don't know about that. I dare say I'm very much behind the new order of national school-masters, who are expected to be compendiums of learning. But I came to Hedingham in the good old times when all people wanted in a village school-master was the ability to spell decently and write a fair hand."

Mr. Carew might have added that in this happier era certificates of character were not so sternly scrutinized as they are nowadays.

"Have you been so long at Hedingham?" inquired Sir Aubrey.

"Fifteen years."

"You surprise me! With your education, I should have supposed you would have long ago sought and obtained a much better position."

Sylvia gave a quick, impatient sigh. This was the very thought she had so often uttered.

"Papa doesn't know the meaning of ambition," she said.

"No, I have no ambition. 'Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.' Why disturb the brief span in which he may enjoy his little by fruitless endeavors to make it great? 'The gods want nothing,' said the Greek, 'and the man who wants least comes nearest to the gods.' I have schooled my desires better than I have taught the village children, and like Goldsmith's model pastor, feel myself 'passing rich with forty pounds a year.'"

Mr. Carew might have added that, unlike the ideal pastor, he spent the forty pounds strictly upon himself, and thus stretched the money to its utmost limit.

"I admire your philosophical spirit, Sir," said the baronet, approvingly. "If there were more men of your temper there would be fewer revolutions. Yet, for your daughter's sake, I can but think it a pity you should have been contented with a position so far below your powers."

Sylvia gave another sigh.

"Oh, papa never thinks of me," she said. "So long as he has a servant to whom he need pay no wages he is quite satisfied."

Now this was not an amiable speech, and from lips less lovely might have seemed wanting in filial respect. But Sir Aubrey looked at the lips, and did not weigh the words that had escaped through that rosy gate. He was thinking how lovely, how intelligent, the girl was, and what a hard thing it seemed that she should be buried alive in such a place as this—pretty and rustic, indeed, to contemplate as a picture in the summer twilight, but no fitting home for a beautiful young woman.

He rose hastily, went across the grass to the vicar and Mr. Spilby, who were leaning against the palings talking prodigiously, Spilby with a pencil and note-book in his hand. There was too dangerous a witchcraft about that fair young face—witchcraft that might lure a man to his ruin.

"In my position a man can not afford to be foolish," thought the baronet. Perriam Place and all its appurtenances hung round his neck, as it were—a millstone which he could not shake off. "If I were a youngster, I might make a fool of myself, and marry that girl," he thought.

Yet in a young man with his life before him such an act would have been more desperate than in a man of Sir Aubrey's age, with whom the best part of life was over, and who might surely choose what comforter he liked for his declining years. Never perhaps was a man more free to please himself than Sir Aubrey. Near relations he had none save his brother, the harmless, eccentric Mr. Perriam, who was considered hardly quite right in his mind. There was really nothing to prevent his pleasing himself except his own prejudices. But these were strong. He had a magnificent idea of his own importance, the grandeur of his place in the world. He had never done any thing in competition with his fellow-men, and therefore he had never failed. Nothing had ever happened to weaken his faith in himself.

As a young man he had been affianced to the daughter of a duke. The duke was poor, but of loftiest lineage. The girl, Lady Guinevere, had died a month before the day appointed for the marriage, and the blow had fallen heavily on Aubrey Perriam. The portrait of his betrothed still hung in his study at Perriam, and he rarely looked at it without a regretful sigh.

This disappointment, or rather the memory of his disappointment, for it had long ceased to be more than a sorrowful memory, had kept Sir Aubrey single all these years. With the recollection that his Guinevere was the sweetest of women, there mingled always the thought that she was also the daughter of one of England's oldest dukes. He met with innumerable pretty women, and agreeable women, who would have been glad to become Lady Perriam; but there was not one worthy to occupy the place that Guinevere was to have filled. They might have brightened his hearth with all the tender joys of home; but they could not have given his children a ducal grandfather. Sir Aubrey took that fact to heart, and remained single.

Yet in every pathway there lurks a snare. Sir Aubrey's tastes were artistic. He had his ideal, his dream of perfect beauty, which he never thought to see realized save on the canvas of his favorite, Titian. And lo! he had found this dream-picture—this impossible flower of human life, which poets have sung and painters have painted through all the ages. He had found his ideal here in the village of Hedingham, on his own property, but a few miles from the house in which he dwelt.

He listened politely to all Mr. Spilby's ideas about the new school-house. Mr. Spilby was of opinion that the present building was worn out, used up, that it would hardly hold together for a month longer.

"Weather-tight it has not been for the last ten years," said Mr. Spilby, with profound contempt; "and how those blessed old cob-walls have contrived to hold together at all passes my understanding."

"I'm afraid they must hold together a year or two longer, Spilby," said the vicar. "But you may give us your specification as soon as you like. We shall know where we are when we've got that."

Sir Aubrey pretended the deepest interest, and when Mr. Spilby departed to pick up his gig at the inn and drive back to Monkhampton, the baronet still lingered, and this time did not refuse the vicar's offer of a bottle of claret. The Vicarage was on the other side of the church-yard. They had but to pass beneath the gloom of the cypress that had shaded Edmund and Sylvia's farewell, cross a more open part of the village burial-ground, and the comfortable-looking windows of the vicar's substantial dwelling were before them. A low wall only divided the Vicarage garden from the place of tombs. Clumps of dahlias and rose-covered arches rose gayly beyond the grassy mounds, and above the moss-grown head-stones the lighted windows of Mr. Vancourt's drawing-room shone out cheerily. Croquet hoops, scattered balls, and mallets still adorned the lawn.

"Rather a singular man, that school-master of yours," said the baronet, as they sauntered through the church-yard—"a man who has seen better days, I should think. Do you know any thing of his antecedents?"

"Not a tittle. He came here before my time, you know."

"I wonder how he got the situation. He doesn't talk like a west country man."

"No, I don't think he belongs to this part of the country."

"Yet Carew is a west country name."

"It is—and a good one. I've tried more than once to make out what Carews he belongs to. But he's uncommonly close—there's no getting at the bottom of his mind. He's not an agreeable man, by any means, but he's a very good school-master."

"What stipend does he get?"

"Forty pounds a year, coals, candles, and the school-house."

"Poor fellow! And he speaks like a gentleman. The daughter is interesting too. Do you know much of her?"

"I've seen her change from bud to blossom. She was a slip of a child of twelve or so when I first came here."

"She looks amiable—a goodish kind of girl, I should think."

"As good as the generality of girls, I dare say," says the vicar, in a tone that was not complimentary to the species. "My daughters tell me she is vain; but as I don't find that they themselves are entirely free from that feminine weakness, I don't attach much weight to the accusation. So pretty a girl as Sylvia can hardly help knowing she is pretty."

No word of village scandal nor of blemish in the girl's fair fame. Sir Aubrey was glad of that. But he pushed the question still further. "Your daughter said something this afternoon about certain reports which had prevented her being quite so kind to Miss Carew lately as she had in the past," he said. "Do you know the nature of those reports?"

"Reports!" cried the vicar, almost in a passion. "Hedingham is full of reports. The very air engenders reports. If you go out of your house after dark—a report! If you take an unaccustomed walk before breakfast—a report! If a stranger dines with you—the fact is reported! You can hardly eat your dinner in the solitude of your own home without being talked about. You eat poultry when other people eat meat—you are going to the dogs. You dine on a cold sirloin and a salad—you are a miser. I have no patience with village scandal-mongers, and my detestation of their gossip is so well known that very few of their inventions ever travel my way. As for Sylvia Carew, I have known her from a child, and I have never seen any reason to think ill of her."

Sir Aubrey was glad. It was not to be supposed that what men said or thought about this village beauty could be of any consequence to him · yet in his heart of hearts he was glad.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

One Sabbath, not long ago, the teacher of the infant Sunday-school class noticed one little fellow who was not listening to what she said. She had been telling the story of David and Goliath; and wishing to see if he knew what she had been talking about, she suddenly asked, "Johnny, who killed Goliath?" With an inquiring look he replied, "Why, I didn't know he was dead."

"Coleridge," says De Quincey, "told me a ludicrous embarrassment which Lamb's stammering caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea-bathing, and accordingly, at the door of his bathing-machine, while he stood shivering with cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them: 'Hear me, men! Take notice of this: I am to be dipped—' What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea-bathing machines; for having reached the word *dipped*, he commenced such a rolling fire, di-di-di-di, that at length, when he descended *à plomb* upon the fell word *dipped*, the two men, rather tired of the suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the 'operative' clause of the sentence, and both exclaiming at once, 'Oh yes, Sir, we're quite aware of that,' down they plunged him into the sea. On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; from necessity he seemed tranquil, and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus, 'Men, is it possible to obtain your attention?' 'Oh, surely, Sir, by all means.' 'Then listen: once more I tell you I am to be di-di-di'—and then with a burst of indignation—'dipped, I tell you—' 'Oh, decidedly, Sir.' And down the stammerer went for the second time. Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at an explanation. 'Grant me papatience; is it mum-um-murder you me-me-mean? Again and aga-ga-gain I tell you I'm to be di-di-dipped'—(now speaking seriously, with the voice of an injured man). 'Oh yes, Sir,' the men replied, 'we know that—we fully understand it;' and for the third time down went Lamb into the sea. 'Oh, limbs of Satan!' he said, on coming up for the third time, 'it's now too late. I tell you that I am—not that—I *was*—to be di-di-di-dipped only *once*.'"

On the evening of Hook's arrival at the Oxford University he joined a party of old school-fellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of "bishop" and egg-flip having been discussed, songs amatory and bacchanalian having been sung with full choruses, and altogether the jocularity having begun to pass the limit of becoming mirth, the Proctor made his appearance, and advancing to the table at which the "Freshman"—fresh in every sense of the word—was presiding, put the usual question, "Pray, Sir, are you a member of this University?" "No, Sir," replied Hook, rising and bowing respectfully; "pray, Sir, are you?" A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the Proctor held out his ample sleeve and said, "You see this, Sir?" "Ah," returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, "yes, I perceive—Manchester velvet. And may I take the liberty, Sir, of inquiring how much you might have paid a yard for the article?" The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the reverend gentleman could stand, and muttering something about supposing it was a mistake, he effected a retreat, amidst shouts of laughter from Hook's companions.

A German who was asked if lager-beer was intoxicating replied: "Vell, I trinks from seventy to eighty glasses a day, and I feels all straight in my upper story for any kind of beesiness, but I can't tell vat it vould do mit men vat makes a swill-tub of himself."

"Wife, do you know I have got the pneumonia?" "New monia, indeed! Such extravagance! You are the spendthriftest man that I ever did see, to go and lay out money in such trash when I need a new bonnet so much."

A Notorious Eavesdropper—Rain.

One reason why the Pope thinks so much of American Catholics is said to be that he never takes up an American paper without seeing something about Boston Mass.

Over the shop door of a pork butcher in a village in an eastern county of England may be seen a sign-board representing a man in a black coat, brandishing a hatchet, with the inscription, "John Smith kills pigs like his father."

As so many articles in every-day use are manufactured of paper, it is asked if a paper beefsteak can not be invented to take the place of the leather ones.

Smokers will be glad to know that chemistry now undertakes to supply them with meerschaum pipes made out of potatoes. The directions for manufacturing the pipes are very simple, and any one can make a pipe. One advantage we see is that in these dear times the pipe can be used again as a potato.

A Table of Interest—The dinner-table.

An aged Highland divine having occasionally to avail himself of the assistance of probationers, a young man, very vain of his accomplishments as a preacher, officiated, and on descending from the pulpit, was met by the old gentleman with extended hands. Expecting high praise, he said, "No compliments, I pray." "Na, na, na, my young friend," said the minister; "nowadays I'm glad o' ony body!"

An End always to be kept in View—Dividend.

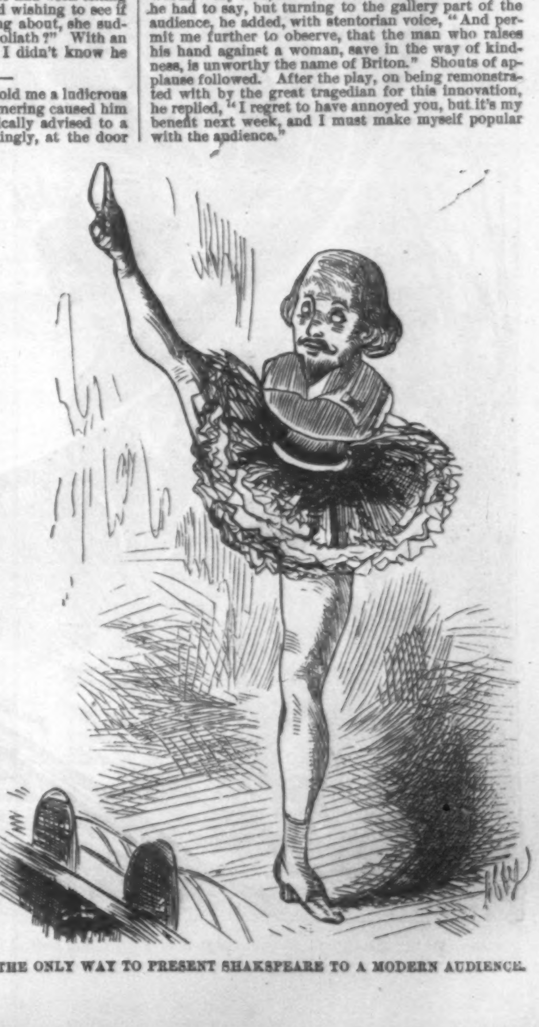
An idle young man was complaining to a prosperous friend that although he had tried his luck in all sorts of fairs and lotteries, he had never been able to draw any thing. "Indeed!" said his friend. "Well, suppose you try a hand-cart; I guess you can draw that."

Book-keeping may be taught in a single lesson of three words: Never lend them.

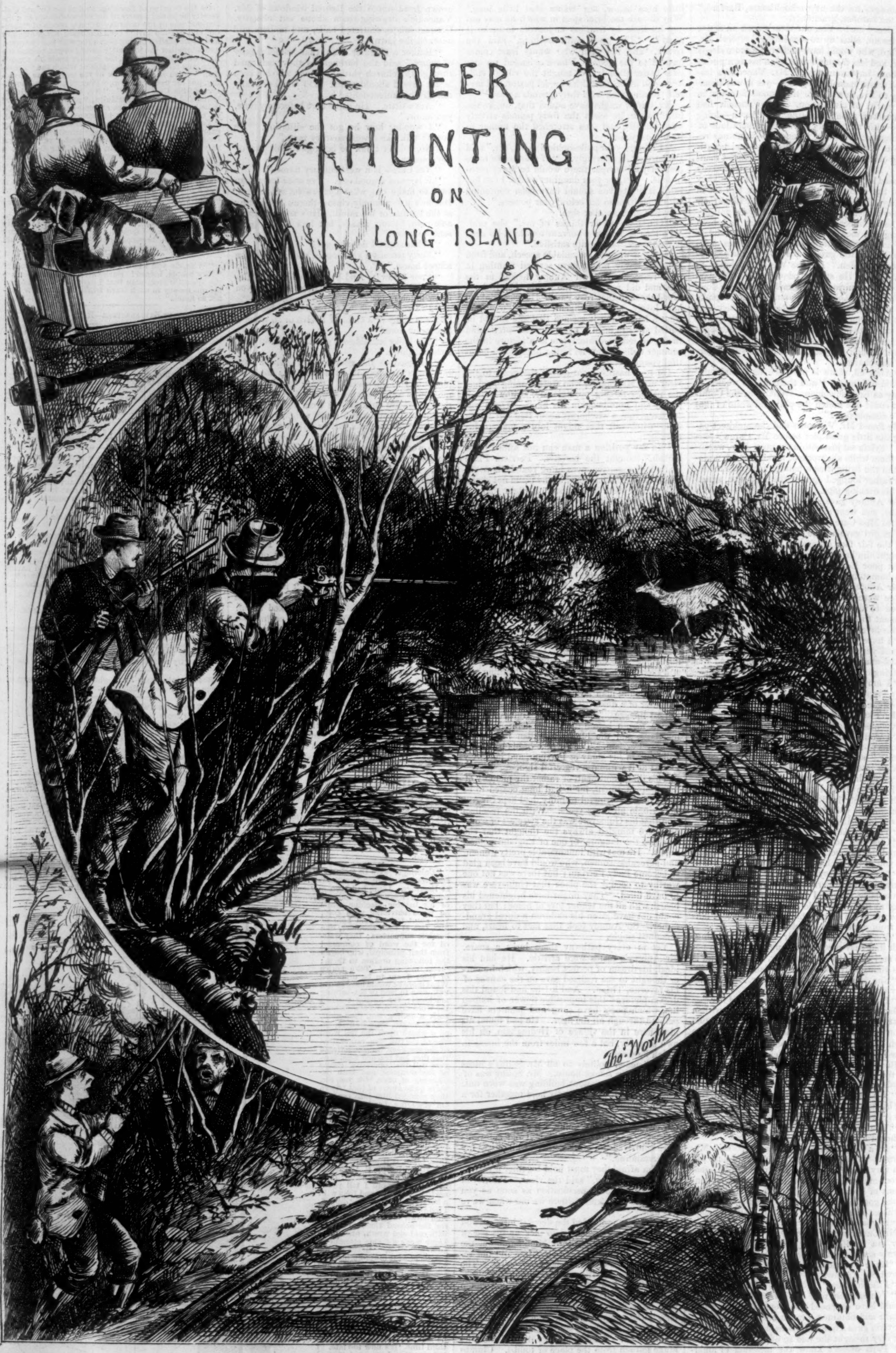
What's that which all love more than life,
Fear more than death or mortal strife?—
That which contented men desire,
The poor possess, the rich require?—
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?

The answer is—Nothing.

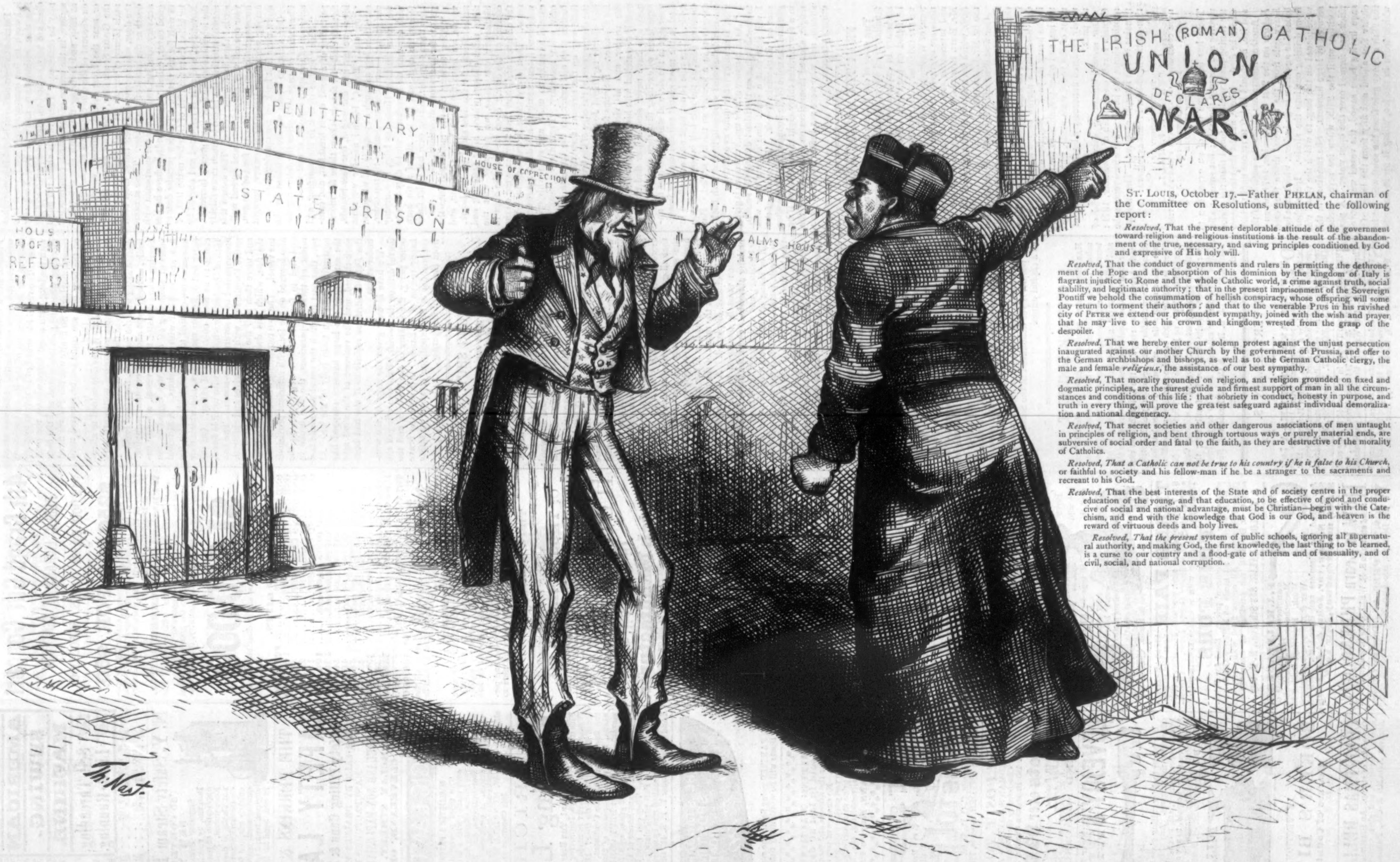
A good story is told of a certain actor whose fate it was to represent the inferior personages in the drama, such as messengers, serving-men, etc. One night, a certain great tragedian being engaged, the poor actor, enacting the character of a servant, had to repeat these words, "My lord, the coach is waiting." This was all he had to say, but turning to the gallery part of the audience, he added, with stentorian voice, "And permit me further to observe, that the man who raises his hand against a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of Briton." Shouts of applause followed. After the play, on being remonstrated with by the great tragedian for this innovation, he replied, "I regret to have annoyed you, but it's my benefit next week, and I must make myself popular with the audience."



THE ONLY WAY TO PRESENT SHAKSPEARE TO A MODERN AUDIENCE.


DEER
HUNTING
ON
LONG ISLAND.
Tho: Worth

AN OLD SPORT REVIVED.—[See Page 998.]



St. Louis, October 17.—Father Phelan, chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, submitted the following report:

Resolved, That the present deplorable attitude of the government toward religion and religious institutions is the result of the abandonment of the true, necessary, and saving principles conditioned by God and expressive of His holy will.

Resolved, That the conduct of governments and rulers in permitting the dethronement of the Pope and the absorption of his dominion by the kingdom of Italy is flagrant injustice to Rome and the whole Catholic world, a crime against truth, social stability, and legitimate authority; that in the present imprisonment of the Sovereign Pontiff we behold the consummation of hellish conspiracy, whose offspring will some day return to torment their authors; and that to the venerable Pius in his ravished city of Peter we extend our profoundest sympathy, joined with the wish and prayer that he may live to see his crown and kingdom wrested from the grasp of the despoiler.

Resolved, That we hereby enter our solemn protest against the unjust persecution inaugurated against our mother Church by the government of Prussia, and offer to the German archbishops and bishops, as well as to the German Catholic clergy, the male and female *religieux*, the assistance of our best sympathy.

Resolved, That morality grounded on religion, and religion grounded on fixed and dogmatic principles, are the surest guide and firmest support of man in all the circumstances and conditions of this life: that sobriety in conduct, honesty in purpose, and truth in every thing, will prove the greatest safeguard against individual demoralization and national degeneracy.

Resolved, That secret societies and other dangerous associations of men untaught in principles of religion, and bent through tortuous ways or purely material ends, are subversive of social order and fatal to the faith, as they are destructive of the morality of Catholics.

Resolved, That a Catholic can not be true to his country if he is false to his Church, or faithful to society and his fellow-man if he be a stranger to the sacraments and recreant to his God.

Resolved, That the best interests of the State and of society centre in the proper education of the young, and that education, to be effective of good and conducive of social and national advantage, must be Christian—begin with the Catechism, and end with the knowledge that God is our God, and heaven is the reward of virtuous deeds and holy lives.

Resolved, That the present system of public schools, ignoring all supernatural authority, and making God, the first knowledge, the last thing to be learned, is a curse to our country and a flood-gate of atheism and of sensuality, and of civil, social, and national corruption.

THE FOREIGN CHURCH (ROMAN) DECLARING WAR UPON OUR NATIONAL PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Foreign Priest. "The present System of Public Schools is a Curse to the Country and a Flood-gate of Atheism and Sensuality, and of Civil, Social, and National Corruption; and the Children turn out to be learned Horse-thieves, scholastic Counterfeiters, and well posted in Schemes of Deviltry."

Uncle Sam. "Don't talk so loud. Investigate these Institutions, and you'll find them filled from the 'Greek' and Roman Schools."

AN OLD SPORT REVIVED.

DEER-HUNTING on Long Island is a sport that is known to but comparatively few; yet it is a fact that within forty miles of New York city deer are very numerous, and excellent shooting may be obtained. Their run is about ten miles square, in the centre of the island, commencing at Islip, and favoring the south side generally, on account of the many streams which, rising at or near the Long Island Railroad, empty into the Great South Bay, and thus afford the animals plenty of water. It is at these brooks that the deer, while quenching their thirst, meet their death at the hands of the hunter. These streams are very winding, and supply the sportsman with good cover, called "deer stands," where he lies in wait for his victim. The law permits deer to be killed from the 10th of October to the 10th of November, and as it is respected and obeyed by the inhabitants, the deer have greatly increased, notwithstanding the island is much more thickly settled than in former years. The season this year opened very auspiciously, and several well-known gentlemen from this city, fond of the gun, among whom was Recorder HACKETT, brought down their first buck on the opening day.

Our artist, to whom we are indebted for the illustration on page 996, gives the following description of the sport enjoyed at that time:

"Rising at five o'clock in the morning, and partaking of a good warm breakfast, and comfortably clad—for the air is keen these fall mornings—we get into our wagon, our deer-hounds, 'Pop' and 'Bogus,' behind us—for we must save their legs as much as possible till we get on the ground—our shooting gear in tip-top order, we leave the Lake House, at Islip, in company with our man on horseback, whose duty it is to follow the dogs, and by the aid of a tin horn keep them together, taking care not to let them get too far in a wrong direction.

"After turning off the main road into the woods, we leave the dogs with the man, and make directly for the deer stand on the brook, three miles distant, where, after fastening and blanketing our horse, we patiently wait the coming of the deer. Soon we hear the dogs in the distance, and know that they have got on the scent. Then every thing is quiet again. We watch and listen intently up and down the stream, careful to make no noise, and even whispering only when necessary. Presently we hear the bushes snap and crack on the opposite side, a little way up the stream; then they part, and the deer appears at the edge of the brook. Quick and silently my friend JOHN's gun is brought to his shoulder. He aims for the deer's eyes, pulls the trigger, and his victim falls, and is then swiftly dispatched with his hunting-knife. Many men who have never shot a deer find the first experience so exciting that they very often fire their gun in the air, and stand gaping at the animal in the most absent-minded manner imaginable. The rifle is not used on Long Island in shooting deer, as the rifle-ball is considered too dangerous in a locality so thickly settled. But the double-barreled shot-gun, loaded with buck-shot, is at short range quite as effective.

"As an instance of how much attention is given to deer-hunting on the island during the season, I will state that a short time since a deer was shot on 'Rattlesnake Brook.' The report of the gun and the noise of the hounds brought together in a few minutes thirty-eight men, who, as if by magic, showed themselves on either side of the stream, and who were not before aware of each other's presence."

FROM THE ARCTIC WORLD.

THE story of the *Polaris* expedition is now so familiar to all our readers that but few words are necessary in explanation of the illustrations to be found on page 988. For the five portraits we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. A. GARDNER, of Washington, D. C. The other illustrations are engraved from a series of very careful and interesting sketches made on the spot by Mr. EMIL SCHUMANN, first engineer of the *Polaris*, which have also been photographed for our use by Mr. GARDNER.

Our first illustration shows the situation of the *Polaris* in Robeson Channel, where the expedition, on the 1st of September, 1871, reached latitude 82° 16′, its highest northern point. Here the vessel had a narrow escape from destruction in the heavy ice-pack. Supplies were landed on the ice, and other preparations for the abandonment of the vessel were made, which was fortunately rendered unnecessary by the spreading of the pack.

Our second illustration shows the burial of Captain HALL, on the 10th of November, 1871; another shows the lonely grave where repose the remains of the intrepid explorer. The inscription on the head-board reads as follows:

TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN C. F. HALL,
LATE COMMANDER OF THE NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.
DIED NOVEMBER 8, 1871,
AGED 50 YEARS.

There has been some talk of an expedition to recover and remove the body; but surely no fitter resting-place could be found than the region where he died. There, amidst the eternal snow and ice, he should be left to repose undisturbed.

Another illustration shows the position of the *Polaris* on the 21st of November, 1871, when a heavy gale from the northeast drove the vessel broadside against a large iceberg, which kept her from drifting out into the straits. Ice anchors were placed on the berg, to which the vessel was secured by large hawsers. She remained in this position until the 25th, when ice seven inches thick had formed over the open water. A passage having been sawed, the vessel was moved eighty feet ahead and fifty from the berg. On the 28th a heavy gale from the southwest set in, which drove in the ice, piling it up in immense hummocks. The berg was driven against the *Polaris*, and a tongue of it struck her bow, and wrenched the stern very badly. She was saved only by the breaking up of the ice on the shore side. The vessel continued to be driven inshore with the berg until about three o'clock the next morning, when the gale moderated, and the berg ceased moving. So firmly was the *Polaris* fixed on the berg that she could not be released until the 26th of June, 1872.

On the 31st of July it was determined to abandon further attempts to proceed northward, and return home. Up to the 16th of September they drifted along with the ice-pack, the vessel leaking badly, and only kept afloat by constant pumping. Fearing some disaster to the vessel, a house capable of sheltering all hands was rigged on the floe and supplied with provisions. Additional hawsers were secured to the floe, with which the party had drifted so many days, and which they clung to as their only hope of safety. On the 15th of October the wind blew with terrible force, accompanied by a severe snow-storm. The two native Esquimaux, with their wives and children, and more than half the ship's company, were on the floe, which was deemed a safer place than the vessel. The two remaining whale-boats were also lowered on the ice, with sufficient provisions and fuel to last all winter. Suddenly, in the midst of these preparations, the floe broke in two, that part to which the vessel was made fast separating from the main body of the ice. At the same time the large hawsers snapped like pack-thread, and the violence of the wind sent the *Polaris* adrift as rapidly as if she had been under steam.

We have already given the story of the wonderful drift on the ice-raft, of the wintering of the other party, the sinking of the *Polaris*, and the happy rescue of all hands. All save the brave commander of the expedition returned in safety from their perilous journey.

FUNG SHUY.

PROBABLY the most curious of Chinese superstitions is the *fung shuy*, or geomancy. The two words mean simply "wind and water;" but the true sense and import of this name for the superstition can not be gathered from these words. The real object of the study and profession of the art of *fung shuy* is to woo the good and ward off the evil spirits, in whose existence and power to bless or curse the Chinese apparently entertain a profound belief. As northerly winds blow in China from October to the end of March, it is not very surprising that the natives associate with them the death of nature, as it were, and look upon that quarter of the compass as the one from which evil influences all emanate; and as southerly winds prevail during the rest and more cheerful part of the year, they conclude that all good and beneficial influences come from the south. Consequently all the temples and houses which can be so constructed are built to face the south. But it is in the selection of sites for graves that the talent of the professor of *fung shuy* is chiefly displayed. A thoroughly good situation must be one open to the south, with nothing abruptly to check the flow of the southerly blessing; and to the north there must be some hill or rising ground, some tree or other object, to check, puzzle, and defeat the tide of evil from that withering region. If the position be bad, the dead, irritated and annoyed by the unpleasant influence from the north, make known their resentment by causing sickness and other calamities to assail the family; and finally, if the mischief is not repaired, they make it wither away.

Each village has its *fung shuy*, its luck; and the hand of the man who would cut down a lucky tree, thus letting in a stream of curses from the north, is said to be paralyzed and withered on the spot.

Chinese villages are often built in squares, with houses on three sides, and the entrance open toward the south. The two sides, as you enter, have different degrees of honor and importance: the right hand is the green dragon, the left the white tiger; and if, by design or accident, the white tiger's head be lifted higher than the dragon's, or if any special advantage be gained by the left, then the luck of the place is gone. It is interesting to notice that this superstition of *fung shuy*, though it prevails so widely, and has taken such a deep root in the minds of the people, is yet denounced in the Sacred Edict as a capital crime.

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At this Concert, which will be the grandest musical display ever witnessed in this country, the unprecedented sum of

$1,500,000

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LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		$250,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		17,500
10 CASH GIFTS	$10,000 each	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS	5,000 each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS	200 each	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS	100 each	32,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS	50 each	550,000
TOTAL, 12,000 GIFTS, ALL CASH, amounting to		$1,500,000

The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold.

PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole tickets, $50; Halves, $25; Tenths, or each coupon, $5; Eleven Whole Tickets for $500; 22½ Tickets for $1,000; 113 Whole Tickets for $5,000; 227 Whole Tickets for $10,000. No discount on less than $500 worth of Tickets at a time.

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WOMEN'S RED RASH OF THE FACE.—Symptoms—Congestion of the skin of the face, with red patches and red spots, pimples, and roughness of the skin.

BARBER'S ITCH.—Symptoms—First, a red, itchy patch is seen, mattery pustules form, become quite hard, and shaving becomes painful. A burning sensation is present.

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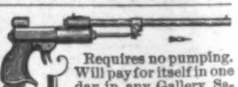

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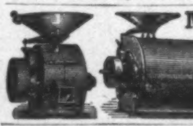

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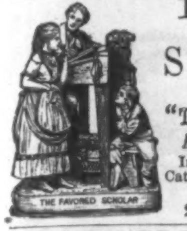

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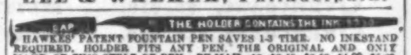
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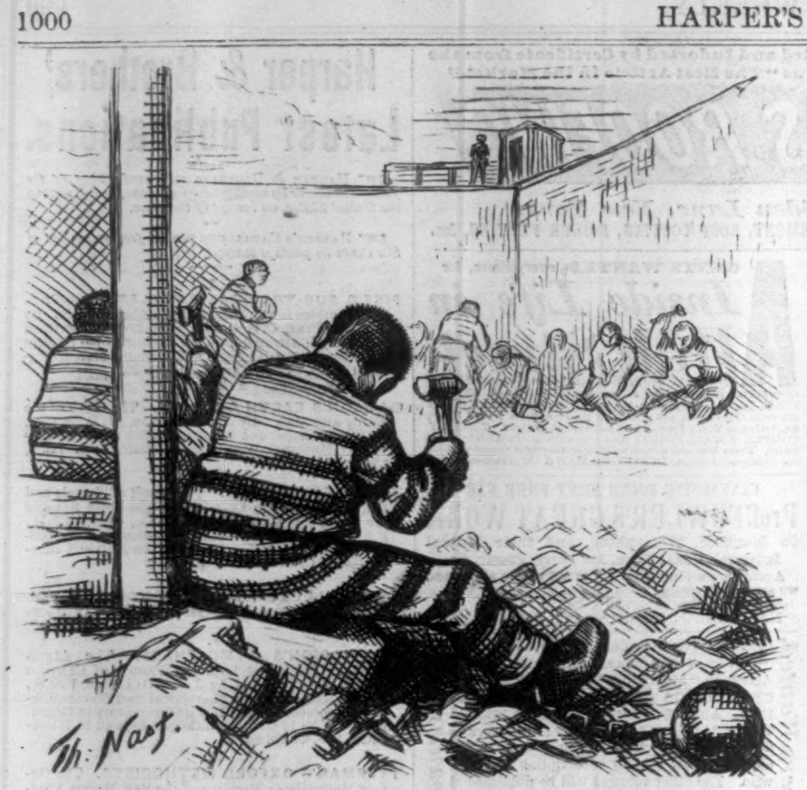

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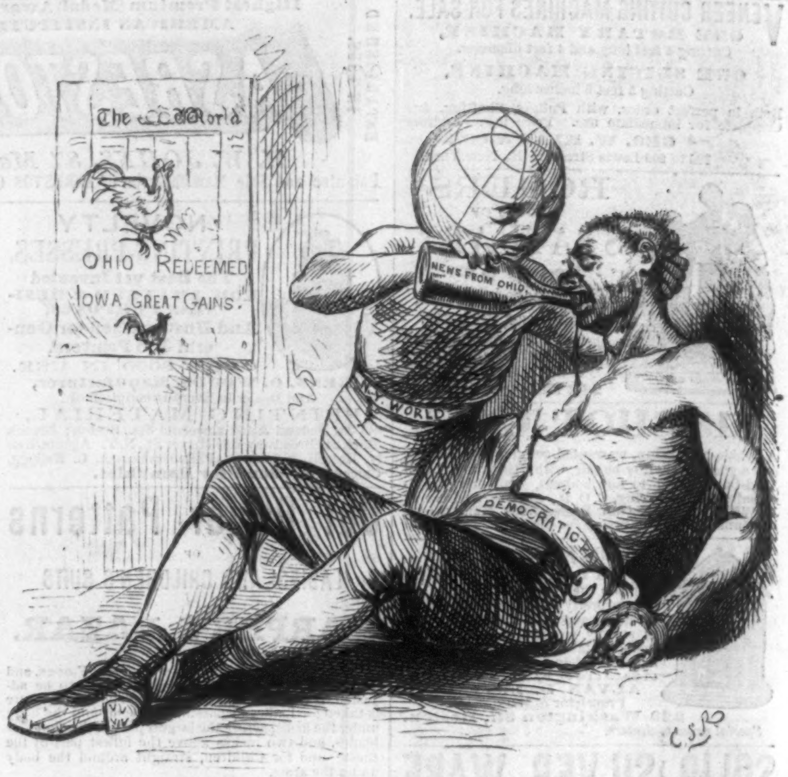

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[Continued from No. 879, Page 984.]

PHINEAS REDUX.

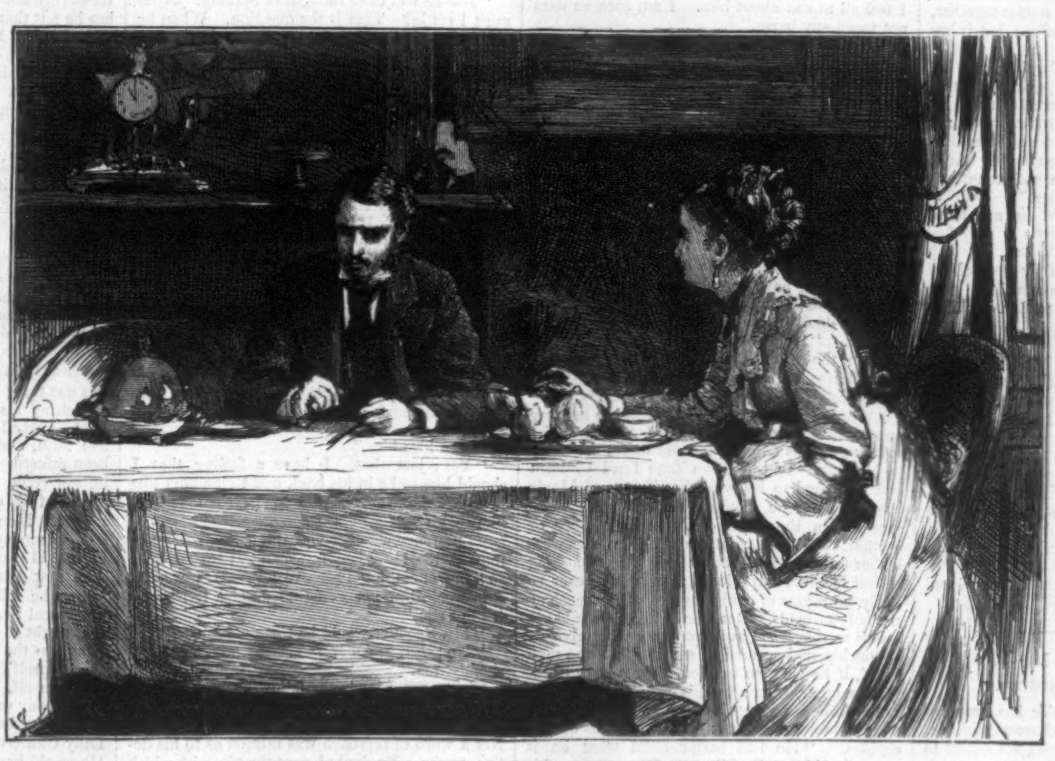
By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "LADY ANNA," "HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT," "ORLEY FARM,"
"PHINEAS FINN," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON,"
"CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?" Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XL.

THE PRIME MINISTER IS HARD PRESSED.

It can never be a very easy thing to form a Ministry. The one chosen chief is readily selected. Circumstances, indeed, have probably left no choice in the matter. Every man in the country who has at all turned his thoughts that way knows very well who will be the next Prime Minister when it comes to pass that a change is imminent. In these days the occupant of the throne can have no difficulty. Mr. Gresham recommends her Majesty to send for Mr. Daubeny, or Mr. Daubeny for Mr. Gresham—as some ten or a dozen years since Mr. Mildmay told her to send for Lord de Terrier, or Lord de Terrier for Mr. Mildmay. The Prime Minister is elected by the nation, but the nation, except in rare cases, can not go below that in arranging details, and the man for whom the Queen sends is burdened with the necessity of selecting his colleagues. It may be—probably must always be the case—that this, that, and the other colleagues are clearly indicated to his mind; but then each of these colleagues may want his own inferior coadjutors, and so the difficulty begins, increases, and at length culminates. On the present occasion it was known at the end of a week that Mr. Gresham had not filled all his offices, and that there were difficulties. It was announced that the Duke of St. Bungay could not quite agree on certain points with Mr. Gresham, and that the Duke of Omnium would do nothing without the other Duke. The Duke of St. Bungay was very powerful, as there were three or four of the old adherents of Mr. Mildmay who would form no Government unless he was with them. Sir Harry Coldfoot and Lord Plinlimmon would not accept office without the Duke. The Duke was essential; and now, though the Duke's character was essentially that of a practical man, who never raised unnecessary trouble, men said that the Duke was at the bottom of all. The Duke did not approve of Mr. Bonteen. Mr. Gresham, so it was said, insisted on Mr. Bonteen—appealing to the other Duke. But that other Duke, our own special Duke, Planty Pall that was, instead of standing up for Mr. Bonteen, was cold and unsympathetic. He could not join the Ministry without his friend, the Duke of St. Bungay, and as to Mr. Bonteen, he thought that perhaps a better selection might be made.



"ADELAIDE HAD BEEN LEFT ALONE TO POUR OUT HIS TEA FOR HIM."

Such were the club rumors which took place as to the difficulties of the day, and, as is generally the case, they were not far from the truth. Neither of the dukes had absolutely put a veto on poor Mr. Bonteen's elevation, but they had expressed themselves dissatisfied with the appointment, and the younger Duke had found himself called upon to explain that although he had been thrown much into communication with Mr. Bonteen, he had never himself suggested that that gentleman should follow him at the Exchequer. This was one of the many difficulties which beset the Prime Minister elect in the performance of his arduous duty.

Lady Glencora, as people would still persist in calling her, was at the bottom of it all. She had sworn an oath inimical to Mr. Bonteen, and did not leave a stone unturned in her endeavors to accomplish it. If Phineas Finn might find acceptance, then Mr. Bonteen might be allowed to enter Elysium. A second Juno, she would allow the Romulus she hated to sit in the seats of the blessed, to be fed with nectar, and to have his name printed in the lists of unruffled Cabinet meetings—but only on conditions. Phineas Finn must be allowed a seat also, and a little nectar—though it were at the second table of the gods. For this she struggled, speaking her mind boldly to this and that member of her husband's party, but she struggled in vain. She could obtain no assurance on behalf of Phineas Finn. The Duke of St. Bungay would do nothing for her. Barrington Erle had declared himself powerless. Her husband had condescended to speak to Mr. Bonteen himself, and Mr. Bonteen's insolent answer had been reported to her. Then she went sedulously to work, and before a couple of days were over she did make her husband believe that Mr. Bonteen was not fit to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. This took place before Mr. Daubeny's statement, while the Duke and Duchess of St. Bungay were still at Matching—while Mr. Bonteen, unconscious of what was being done, was still in the house.

Before the two days were over the Duke of St. Bungay had a very low opinion of Mr. Bonteen, but was quite ignorant of any connection between that low opinion and the fortunes of Phineas Finn.

"Plantagenet, of all your men that are coming up, your Mr. Bonteen is the worst. I often think that you are going down hill, both in character and intellect, but if you go as low as that I shall prefer to cross the water and live in America." This she said in the presence of the two Dukes.

"What has Mr. Bonteen done?" asked the elder, laughing.

"He was boasting this morning openly of whom he intended to bring with him into the Cabinet." Truth demands that the chronicler should say that this was a positive fix. Mr. Bonteen, no doubt, had talked largely and with indiscretion, but had made no such boast as that of which the Duchess accused him. "Mr. Gresham will get astray if he doesn't allow some one to tell him the truth."

She did not press the matter any further then, but what she had said was not thrown away. "Your wife is almost right about that man," the elder Duke said to the younger.

"It's Mr. Gresham's doing—not mine," said the younger.

"She is right about Gresham, too," said the elder. "With all his immense intellect and capacity for business, no man wants more looking after."

That evening Mr. Bonteen was singled out by the Duchess for her special attention, and in the presence of all who were there assembled he made himself an ass. He could not save himself from talking about himself when he was encouraged. On this occasion he offended all those feelings of official discretion and personal reticence which had been endeared to the old Duke by the lessons which he had learned from former statesmen and by the experience of his own life. To be quiet, unassuming, almost affectedly modest in any mention of himself, low-voiced, reflecting always more than he resolved, and resolving always more than he said, had been his aim. Conscious of his high rank, and thinking, no doubt, much of the advantages in public life which his birth and position had given him, still he would never have ventured to speak of his own services as necessary to any Government. That he had really been indispensable to many he must have known, but not to his closest friend would he have said so in plain language. To such a man the arrogance of Mr. Bonteen was intolerable.

There is probably more of the flavor of political aristocracy to be found still remaining among our liberal leading statesmen than among their opponents. A Conservative Cabinet is, doubtless, never deficient in dukes and lords, and the sons of such; but Conservative dukes and lords are recruited here and there, and, as recruits, are new to the business, whereas among the old Whigs a halo of statecraft has, for ages past, so strongly pervaded and enveloped certain great families, that the power in the world of politics thus produced still remains, and is even yet efficacious in creating a feeling of exclusiveness. They say that "misfortune makes men acquainted with strange bed-fellows." The old hereditary Whig Cabinet Ministers must, no doubt, by this time have learned to feel themselves at home with strange neighbors at their elbows. But still with them something of the feeling of high-blood, of rank, and of living in a park with deer about it, remains. They still entertain a pride in their Cabinets, and have, at any rate, not as yet submitted themselves to a conjuror. The Charles James Fox element of liberality still holds its own, and the fragrance of Cavendish is essential. With no man was this feeling stronger than with the Duke of St. Bungay, though he well knew how to keep it in abeyance—even to the extent of self-sacrifice. Bonteens must creep into the holy places. The faces which he loved to see—born chiefly of other faces he had loved when young—could not cluster around the sacred table without others which were much less welcome to him. He was wise enough to know that exclusiveness did not suit the nation, though human enough to feel that it would have been pleasant to himself. There must be Bonteens; but when any Bonteen came up, who loomed before his eyes as specially disagreeable, it seemed to him to be a duty to close the door against such a one, if it could be closed without violence. A constant, gentle pressure against the door would tend to keep down the number of the Bonteens.

"I am not sure that you are not going a little too quick in regard to Mr. Bonteen," said the elder Duke to Mr. Gresham, before he had finally assented to a proposition originated by himself—that he should sit in the Cabinet without a portfolio.

"Palliser wishes it," said Mr. Gresham, shortly.

"He and I think that there has been some mistake about that. You suggested the appointment to him, and he felt unwilling to raise an objection without giving the matter very mature consideration. You can understand that."

"Upon my word I thought that the selection would be peculiarly agreeable to him." Then the Duke made a suggestion. Could not some special office at the Treasury be constructed for Mr. Bonteen's acceptance, having special reference to the question of decimal coinage?

"But how about the salary?" asked Mr. Gresham. "I couldn't propose a new office with a salary above £2000."

"Couldn't we make it permanent," suggested the Duke, "with permission to hold a seat if he can get one?"

"I fear not," said Mr. Gresham.

"He got into a very unpleasant scrape when he was Financial Secretary," said the Duke.

> "But whither wouldst thou, Muse? Unmeet
> For jocund lyre are themes like these.
> Shalt thou the talk of gods repeat,
> Debasing by thy strains effete
> Such lofty mysteries?"

The absolute words of a conversation so lofty shall no longer be attempted, but it may be said that Mr. Gresham was too wise to treat as of no account the objections of such a one as the Duke of St. Bungay. He saw Mr. Bonteen, and he saw the other Duke, and difficulties arose. Mr. Bonteen made himself very disagreeable indeed. As Mr. Bonteen had never absolutely been as yet more than a demi-god, our Muse, light as she is, may venture to report that he told Mr. Ratler that "he'd be d—d if he'd stand it. If he were to be thrown over now, he'd make such a row, and would take such care that the fat should be in the fire, that his enemies, whoever they were, should wish that they had kept their fingers off him. He knew who was doing it." If he did not know, his guess was right. In his heart he accused the young Duchess, though he mentioned her name to no one. And it was the young Duchess. Then there was made an insidious proposition to Mr. Gresham—which reached him at last through Barrington Erle—that matters would go quieter if Phineas Finn were placed in his old office at the Colonies instead of Lord Fawn, whose name had been suggested, and for whom—as Barrington Erle declared—no one cared a brass farthing. Mr. Gresham, when he heard this, thought that he began to smell a rat, and was determined to be on his guard. Why should the appointment of Mr. Phineas Finn make things go easier in regard to Mr. Bonteen? There must be some woman's fingers in the pie. Now Mr. Gresham was firmly resolved that no woman's fingers should have any thing to do with his pie.

How the thing went on from bad to worse it would be bootless here to tell. Neither of the two Dukes absolutely refused to join the Ministry; but they were persistent in their objection to Mr. Bonteen, and were joined in it by Lord Plinlimmon and Sir Harry Coldfoot. It was in vain that Mr. Gresham urged that he had no other man ready and fit to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. That excuse could not be accepted. There was Legge Wilson, who twelve years since had been at the Treasury, and would do very well. Now Mr. Gresham had always personally hated Legge Wilson—and had, therefore, offered him the Board of Trade. Legge Wilson had disgusted him by accepting it, and the name had already been published in connection with the office. But in the lists which had appeared toward the end of the week no name was connected with the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and no office was connected with the name of Mr. Bonteen. The editor of the *People's Banner*, however, expressed the gratification of that journal that even Mr. Gresham had not dared to propose Mr. Phineas Finn for any place under the Crown.

At last Mr. Bonteen was absolutely told that he could not be Chancellor of the Exchequer. If he would consent to give his very valuable services to the country with the view of carrying through Parliament the great measure of decimal coinage, he should be president of the Board of Trade, but without a seat in the Cabinet. He would thus become the Right Honorable Bonteen, which, no doubt, would be a great thing for him—and, not busy in the Cabinet, must be able to devote his time exclusively to the great measure above named. What was to become of "Trade" generally was not specially explained; but, as we all know, there would be a vice-president to attend to details.

The proposition very nearly broke the man's heart. With a voice stopped by agitation, with anger flashing from his eyes, almost in a convulsion of mixed feelings, he reminded his chief of what had been said about his appointment in the House. Mr. Gresham had already absolutely defended it. After that, did Mr. Gresham mean to withdraw a promise that had so formally been made? But Mr. Gresham was not to be caught in that way. He had made no promise; had not even stated to the House that such appointment was to be made. A very improper question had been asked as to a rumor, in answering which he had been forced to justify himself by explaining that discussions respecting the office had been necessary. "Mr. Bonteen," said Mr. Gresham, "no one knows better than you the difficulties of a Minister. If you can act with us, I shall be very grateful to you. If you can not, I shall regret the loss of your services." Mr. Bonteen took twenty-four hours to consider, and was then appointed president of the Board of Trade, without a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Legge Wilson became Chancellor of the Exchequer. When the lists were completed, no office whatever was assigned to Phineas Finn. "I haven't done with Mr. Bonteen yet," said the young Duchess to her friend Madame Goesler.

The secrets of the world are very marvelous, but they are not themselves half so wonderful as the way in which they become known to the world. There could be no doubt that Mr. Bonteen's high ambition had foundered, and that he had been degraded through the secret enmity of the Duchess of Omnium. It was equally certain that his secret enmity to Phineas Finn had brought this punishment on his head. But before the Ministry had been a week in office almost every body knew that it was so. The rumors were full of falsehood, but yet they contained the truth. The Duchess had done it. The Duchess was the bosom friend of Lady Laura Kennedy, who was in love with Phineas Finn. She had gone on her knees to Mr. Gresham to get a place for her friend's favorite, and Mr. Gresham had refused. Consequently, at her bidding, half a dozen embryo Ministers—her husband among the number—had refused to be amenable to Mr. Gresham. Mr. Gresham had at last consented to sacrifice Mr. Bonteen, who had originally instigated him to reject the claims of Phineas Finn. That the degradation of the one man had been caused by the exclusion of the other all the world knew.

"It shuts the door to me for ever and ever," said Phineas to Madame Goesler.

"I don't see that."

"Of course it does. Such an affair places a mark against a man's name which will never be forgotten."

"Is your heart set upon holding some trifling appointment under a Minister?"

"To tell you the truth, it is—or, rather, it was. The prospect of office to me was more than perhaps to any other expectant. Even this man Bonteen has some fortune of his own, and can live if he be excluded. I have given up every thing for the chance of something in this line."

"Other lines are open."

"Not to me, Madame Goesler. I do not mean to defend myself. I have been very foolish, very sanguine, and am now very unhappy."

"What shall I say to you?"

"The truth."

"In truth, then, I do not sympathize with you. The thing lost is too small, too mean to justify unhappiness."

"But, Madame Goesler, you are a rich woman."

"Well?"

"If you were to lose it all, would you not be unhappy? It has been my ambition to live here in London as one of a special set which dominates all other sets in our English world. To do so a man should have means of his own. I have none; and yet I have tried it—thinking that I could earn my bread at it as men do at other professions. I acknowledge that I should not have thought so. No man should attempt what I have attempted without means, at any rate, to live on if he fail; but I am not the less unhappy because I have been silly."

"What will you do?"

"Ah—what? Another friend asked me that the other day, and I told her that I should vanish."

"Who was that friend?"

"Lady Laura."

"She is in London again now?"

"Yes; she and her father are in Portman Square."

"She has been an injurious friend to you."

"No, by Heaven!" exclaimed Phineas. "But for her I should never have been here at all, never have had a seat in Parliament, never have been in office, never have known you."

"And might have been the better without any of these things."

"No man ever had a better friend than Lady Laura has been to me. Malice, wicked and false as the devil, has lately joined our names together, to the incredible injury of both of us; but it has not been her fault."

"You are energetic in defending her."

"And so would she be in defending me. Circumstances threw us together and made us friends. Her father and her brother were my friends. I happened to be of service to her husband. We belonged to the same party. And, therefore, because she has been unfortunate in her marriage, people tell lies of her."

"It is a pity he should — not die, and leave her," said Madame Goesler, slowly.

"Why so?"

"Because then you might justify yourself in defending her by making her your wife." She paused, but he made no answer to this. "You are in love with her," she said.

"It is untrue."

"Mr. Finn!"

"Well, what would you have?" I am not in love with her. To me she is no more than my sister. Were she as free as air, I should not ask her to be my wife. Can a man and woman feel no friendship without being in love with each other?"

"I hope they may," said Madame Goesler. Had he been lynx-eyed he might have seen that she blushed; but it required quick eyes to discover a blush on Madame Goesler's face. "You and I are friends."

"Indeed we are," he said, grasping her hand as he took his leave.

CHAPTER XLI.

I HOPE I'M NOT DISTRUSTED.

GERARD MAULE, as the reader has been informed, wrote three lines to his dearest Adelaide, to inform her that his father would not assent to the suggestion respecting Maule Abbey, which had been made by Lady Chiltern, and then took no further steps in the matter. In the fortnight next after the receipt of his letter nothing was heard of him at Harrington Hall, and Adelaide, though she made no complaint, was unhappy. Then came the letter from Mr. Spooner, with all its rich offers, and Adelaide's mind was for a while occupied with wrath against her second suitor. But as the egregious folly of Mr. Spooner—for to her thinking the aspirations of Mr. Spooner were egregiously foolish—died out of her mind, her thoughts reverted to her engagement. Why did not the man come to her, or why did he not write?

She had received from Lady Chiltern an invitation to remain with them, the Chilterns, till her marriage. "But, dear Lady Chiltern, who knows when it will be?" Adelaide had said. Lady Chiltern had good-naturedly replied that the longer it was put off the better for herself. "But you'll be going to London or abroad before that day comes." Lady Chiltern declared that she looked forward to no festivities which could under any circumstances remove her four-and-twenty hours' traveling distance from the kennels. Probably she might go up to London for a couple of months as soon as the hunting was over, and the hounds had been drafted, and the horses had been coddled, and every covert had been visited. From the month of May till the middle of July she might, perhaps, be allowed to be in town, as communications by telegram could now be made day and night. After that preparations for cub-hunting would be imminent, and, as a matter of course, it would be necessary that she should be at Harrington Hall at so important a period of the year. During those couple of months she would be very happy to have the companionship of her friend, and she hinted that Gerard Maule would certainly be in town. "I begin to think it would have been better that I should never have seen Gerard Maule," said Adelaide Palliser.

This happened about the middle of March, while hunting was still in force. Gerard's horses were standing in the neighborhood, but Gerard himself was not there. Mr. Spooner, since that short disheartening note had been sent to him by Lord Chiltern, had not been seen at Harrington. There was a Harrington Lawn Meet on one occasion, but he had not appeared till the hounds were at the neighboring covert side. Nevertheless, he had declared that he did not intend to give up the pursuit, and had even muttered something of the sort to Lord Chiltern. "I am one of those fellows who stick to a thing, you know," he said.

"I am afraid you had better give up sticking to her, because she's going to marry somebody else."

"I've heard all about that, my lord. He's a very nice sort of young man, but I'm told he hasn't got his house ready yet for a family." All which Lord Chiltern repeated to his wife. Neither of them spoke to Adelaide again about Mr. Spooner; but this did cause a feeling in Lady Chiltern's mind that perhaps this engagement with young Maule was a foolish thing, and that, if so, she was in a great measure responsible for the folly.

"Don't you think you'd better write to him?" she said one morning.

"Why does he not write to me?"

"But he did—when he told you that his father would not consent to give up the house. You did not answer him then."

"It was two lines, without a date. I don't even know where he lives."

"You know his club?"

"Yes, I know his club. I do feel, Lady Chiltern, that I have become engaged to marry a man as to whom I am altogether in the dark. I don't like writing to him at his club."

"You have seen more of him here and in Italy than most girls see of their future husbands."

"So I have, but I have seen no one belonging to him. Don't you understand what I mean? I feel all at sea about him. I am sure he does not mean any harm."

"Certainly he does not."

"But then he hardly means any good."

"I never saw a man more earnestly in love," said Lady Chiltern.

"Oh yes, he's quite enough in love. But—"

"But what?"

"He'll just remain up in London thinking about it, and never tell himself that there's any thing to be done. And then, down here, what is my best hope? Not that he'll come to see me, but that he'll come to see his horse, and that so, perhaps, I may get a word with him." Then Lady Chiltern suggested, with a laugh, that perhaps it might have been better that she should have accepted Mr. Spooner. There would have been no doubt as to Mr. Spooner's energy and purpose. "Only that if there was not another man in the world I wouldn't marry him, and that I never saw any other man except Gerard Maule whom I even fancied I could marry."

About a fortnight after this, when the hunting was all over, in the beginning of April, she did write to him as follows, and did direct her letter to his club. In the mean time Lord Chiltern had intimated to his wife that if Gerard Maule behaved badly he should consider himself to be standing in the place of Adelaide's father or brother. His wife pointed out to him that were he her father or her brother he could do nothing—that in these days, let a man behave ever so badly, no means of punishing was within reach of the lady's friends. But Lord Chiltern would not assent to this. He muttered something about a horsewhip, and seemed to suggest that one man could, if he were so minded, always have it out with another, if not in this way, then in that. Lady Chiltern protested, and declared that horsewhips could not under any circumstances be efficacious. "He had better mind what he is about," said Lord Chiltern. It was after this that Adelaide wrote her letter:

"HARRINGTON HALL, *April 5.*

"DEAR GERARD,—I have been thinking that I should hear from you, and have been surprised—I may say unhappy—because I have not done so. Perhaps you thought I ought to have answered the three words which you wrote to me about your father; if so, I will apologize; only they did not seem to give me any thing to say. I was very sorry that your father should have 'cut up rough,' as you call it, but you must remember that we both expected that he would refuse, and that we are only, therefore, where we thought we should be. I suppose we shall have to wait till Providence does something for us—only, if so, it would be pleasanter to me to hear your own opinion about it.

"The Chilterns are surprised that you shouldn't have come back and seen the end of the season. There were some very good runs just at last; particularly one on last Monday. But on Wednesday Trumpeton Wood was again blank, and there was some row about wires. I can't explain it all; but you must come, and Lord Chiltern will tell you. I have gone down to see the horses ever so often; but I don't care to go now, as you never write to me. They are all three quite well, and Fan looks as silken and as soft as any lady need do.

"Lady Chiltern has been kinder than I can tell you. I go up to town with her in May, and shall remain with her while she is there. So far I have decided. After that my future home must, Sir, depend on the resolution and determination, or perhaps on the vagaries and caprices, of him who is to be my future master. Joking apart, I must know to what I am to look forward before I can make up my mind whether I will or will not go back to Italy toward the end of the summer. If I do, I fear I must do so just in the hottest time of the year; but I shall not like to come down here again after leaving London, unless something by that time has been settled.

"I shall send this to your club, and I hope that it will reach you. I suppose that you are in London. Good-by, dearest Gerard.

"Yours most affectionately,
"ADELAIDE.

"If there is any thing that troubles you, pray tell me. I ask you because I think it would be better for you that I should know. I sometimes think that you would have written if there had not been some misfortune. God bless you."

Gerard was in London, and sent the following note by return of post:

"—— CLUB, *Tuesday.*

"DEAREST ADELAIDE,—All right. If Chiltern can take me for a couple of nights, I'll come down next week, and settle about the horses, and will arrange every thing.

"Ever your own, with all my heart,
"G. M."

"He will settle about his horses, and arrange every thing," said Adelaide, as she showed the letter to Lady Chiltern. "The horses first, and every thing afterward. The every thing, of course, includes all my future happiness, the day of my marriage, whether to-morrow or in ten years' time, and the place where we shall live."

"At any rate, he's coming."

"Yes, but when? He says next week, but he does not name any day. Did you ever hear or see any thing so unsatisfactory?"

"I thought you would be glad to see him."

"So I should be, if there was any sense in him. I shall be glad, and shall kiss him."

"I dare say you will."

"And let him put his arm round my waist and be happy. He will be happy, because he will think of nothing beyond. But what is to be the end of it?"

"He says that he will settle every thing."

"But he will have thought of nothing. What must I settle? That is the question. When he was told to go to his father, he went to his father. When he failed there the work was done, and the trouble was off his mind. I know him so well."

"If you think so ill of him, why did you consent to get into his boat?" said Lady Chiltern, seriously.

"I don't think ill of him. Why do you say that I think ill of him? I think better of him than of any body else in the world; but I know his fault, and, as it happens, it is a fault so very prejudicial to my happiness. You ask me why I got into his boat. Why does any girl get into a man's boat? Why did you get into Lord Chiltern's?"

"I promised to marry him when I was seven years old; so he says."

"But you wouldn't have done it, if you hadn't had a sort of feeling that you were born to be his wife. I haven't got into this man's boat yet; but I never can be happy unless I do, simply because—"

"You love him."

"Yes; just that. I have a feeling that I should like to be in his boat, and I shouldn't like to be any where else. After you have come to feel like that about a man, I don't suppose it makes any difference whether you think him perfect or imperfect. He's just my own—at least I hope so; the one thing that I've got. If I wear a stuff-frock, I'm not going to despise it because it's not silk."

"Mr. Spooner would be the stuff-frock."

"No; Mr. Spooner is shoddy, and very bad shoddy, too."

On the Saturday in the following week, Gerard Maule did arrive at Harrington Hall, and was welcomed as only accepted lovers are welcomed. Not a word of reproach was uttered as to his delinquencies. No doubt he got the kiss with which Adelaide had herself suggested that his coming would be rewarded. He was allowed to stand on the rug before the fire with his arm round her waist. Lady Chiltern smiled on him. His horses had been specially visited that morning, and a lively report as to their condition was made to him. Not a word was said on that occasion which could distress him. Even Lord Chiltern, when he came in, was gracious to him. "Well, old fellow," he said, "you've missed your hunting."

"Yes, indeed. Things kept me in town."

"We had some uncommonly good runs."

"Have the horses stood pretty well?" asked Gerard.

"I felt uncommonly tempted to borrow yours; and should have done so once or twice if I hadn't known that I should have been betrayed."

"I wish you had, with all my heart," said Gerard. And then they went to dress for dinner.

In the evening, when the ladies had gone to bed, Lord Chiltern took his friend off to the smoking-room. At Harrington Hall it was not unusual for the ladies and gentlemen to descend together into the very comfortable Pandemonium which was so called, when, as was the case at present, the terms of intimacy between them were sufficient to warrant such a proceeding. But on this occasion Lady Chiltern went very discreetly up stairs, and Adelaide, with equal discretion, followed her. It had been arranged beforehand that Lord Chiltern should say a salutary word or two to the young man. Maule began about the hunting, asking questions about this and that, but his host stopped him at once. Lord Chiltern, when he had a task on hand, was always inclined to get through it at once—perhaps with an energy that was too sudden in its effects. "Maule," he said, "you ought to make up your mind what you mean to do about that girl."

"Do about her! How?"

"You and she are engaged, I suppose?"

"Of course we are. There isn't any doubt about it."

"Just so. But when things come to be like that, all delays are good fun to the man, but they're the very devil to the girl."

"I thought it was always the other way up, and that girls wanted delay?"

"That's only a theoretical delicacy which never means much. When a girl is engaged she likes to have the day fixed. When there's a long interval, the man can do pretty much as he pleases, while the girl can do nothing except think about him. Then it sometimes turns out that when he's wanted he's not there."

"I hope I'm not distrusted," said Gerard, with an air that showed that he was almost disposed to be offended.

"Not in the least. The women here think you the finest paladin in the world, and Miss Palliser would fly at my throat if she thought that I said a word against you. But she's in my house, you see, and I'm bound to do exactly as I should if she were my sister."

"And if she were your sister?"

"I should tell you that I couldn't approve of the engagement unless you were prepared to fix the time of your marriage. And I should ask you where you intended to live."

"Wherever she pleases. I can't go to Maule Abbey while my father lives, without his sanction."

"And he may live for the next twenty years."

"Or thirty."

"Then you are bound to decide upon something else. It's no use saying that you leave it to her. You can't leave it to her. What I mean is this, that now you are here, I think you are bound to settle something with her. Good-night, old fellow."

CHAPTER XLII.

BOULOGNE.

GERARD MAULE, as he sat up stairs, half undressed, in his bedroom that night, didn't like it. He hardly knew what it was that he did not like, but he felt that there was something wrong. He thought that Lord Chiltern had not been warranted in speaking to him with a tone of authority, and in talking of a brother's position—and the rest of it. He had lacked the presence of mind for saying any thing at the moment; but he must say something sooner or later. He wasn't going to be driven by Lord Chiltern. When he looked back at his own conduct he thought that it had been more than noble—almost romantic. He had fallen in love with Miss Palliser, and spoken his love out freely, without any reference to money. He didn't know what more any fellow could have done. As to his marrying out of hand, the day after his engagement, as a man of fortune can do, every body must have known that that was out of the question. Adelaide, of course, had known it. It had been suggested to him that he should consult his father as to living at Maule Abbey. Now if there was one thing he hated more than another, it was consulting his father: and yet he had done it. He had asked for a loan of the old house in perfect faith, and it was not his fault that it had been refused. He could not make a house to live in, nor could he coin a fortune. He had £800 a year of his own, but of course he owed a little money. Men with such incomes always do owe a little money. It was almost impossible that he should marry quite at once. It was not his fault that Adelaide had no fortune of her own. When he fell in love with her he had been a great deal too generous to think of fortune, and that ought to be remembered now to his credit. Such was the sum of his thoughts, and his anger spread itself from Lord Chiltern even on to Adelaide herself. Chiltern would hardly have spoken in that way unless she had complained. She, no doubt, had been speaking to Lady Chiltern, and Lady Chiltern had passed it on to her husband. He would have it out with Adelaide on the next morning, quite decidedly. And he would make Lord Chiltern understand that he would not endure interference. He was quite ready to leave Harrington Hall at a moment's notice, if he were ill-treated. This was the humor in which Gerard Maule put himself to bed that night.

On the following morning he was very late at breakfast—so late that Lord Chiltern had gone over to the kennel. As he was dressing he had resolved that it would be fitting that he should speak again to his host before he said any thing to Adelaide that might impute blame to her. He would ask Chiltern whether any thing was meant by what had been said overnight. But, as it happened, Adelaide had been left alone to pour out his tea for him, and—as the reader will understand to have been certain on such an occasion—they were left together for an hour in the breakfast parlor. It was impossible that such an hour should be passed without some reference to the grievance which was lying heavy on his heart. "Late! I should think you are," said Adelaide, laughing. "It is nearly eleven. Lord Chiltern has been out an hour. I suppose you never get up early except for hunting."

"People always think it is so wonderfully virtuous to get up. What's the use of it?"

"Your breakfast is so cold."

"I don't care about that. I suppose they can boil me an egg. I was very seedy when I went to bed."

"You smoked too many cigars, Sir."

"No, I didn't; but Chiltern was saying things that I didn't like." Adelaide's face at once became very serious. "Yes, a good deal of sugar, please. I don't care about toast, and any thing does for me. He has gone to the kennels, has he?"

"He said he should. What was he saying last night?"

"Nothing particular. He has a way of blowing-up, you know; and he looks at one just as if he expected that every body was to do just what he chooses."

"You didn't quarrel?"

"Not at all; I went off to bed without saying a word. I hate jaws. I shall just put it right this morning; that's all."

"Was it about me, Gerard?"

"It doesn't signify the least."

"But it does signify. If you and he were to quarrel, would it not signify to me very much? How could I stay here with them, or go up to London with them, if you and he had really quarreled? You must tell me. I know that it was about me." Then she came and sat close to him. "Gerard," she continued, "I don't think you understand how much every thing is to me that concerns you."

When he began to reflect, he could not quite recollect what it was that Lord Chiltern had said to him. He did remember that something had been suggested about a brother and sister, which had implied that Adelaide might want protection, but there was nothing unnatural or other than kind in the position which Lord Chiltern had declared that he would assume. "He seemed to think that I wasn't treating you well," said he, turning round from the breakfast-table to the fire, "and that is a sort of thing I can't stand."

"I have never said so, Gerard."

"I don't know what it is that he expects, or why he should interfere at all. I can't bear to be interfered with. What does he know about it? He has had somebody to pay every thing for him half a dozen times, but I have to look out for myself."

"What does all this mean?"

"You would ask me, you know. I am bothered out of my life by ever so many things, and now he comes and adds his botheration."

"What bothers you, Gerard? If any thing bothers you, surely you will tell me. If there has been any thing to trouble you since you saw your father, why have you not written and told me? Is your trouble about me?"

"Well, of course it is—in a sort of way."

"I will not be a trouble to you."

"Now you are going to misunderstand me! Of course you are not a trouble to me. You know that I love you better than any thing in the world."

"I hope so."

"Of course I do." Then he put his arm round her waist and pressed her to his bosom. "But what can a man do? When Lady Chiltern recommended that I should go to my father and tell him, I did it. I knew that no good could come of it. He wouldn't lift his hand to do any thing for me."

"How horrid that is!"

"He thinks it a shame that I should have my uncle's money, though he never had any more right to it than that man out there. He is always saying that I am better off than he is."

"I suppose you are."

"I am very badly off, I know that. People seem to think that £800 is ever so much, but I find it to be very little."

"And it will be much less if you are married," said Adelaide, gravely.

"Of course every thing must be changed. I must sell my horses, and we must cut and run, and go and live at Boulogne, I suppose. But a man can't do that kind of thing all in a moment. Then Chiltern comes and talks as though he were Virtue personified. What business is it of his?"

Then Adelaide became still more grave. She had now removed herself from his embrace, and was standing a little apart from him on the rug. She did not answer him at first; and when she did so, she spoke very slowly. "We have been rash, I fear; and have done what we have done without sufficient thought."

"I don't say that at all."

"But I do. It does seem now that we have been imprudent." Then she smiled as she completed her speech. "There had better be no engagement between us."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it is quite clear that it has been a trouble to you rather than a happiness."

"I wouldn't give it up for all the world."

"But it will be better. I had not thought about it as I should have done. I did not understand that the prospect of marrying would make you—so very poor. I see it now. You had better tell Lord Chiltern that it is—done with, and I will tell her the same. It will be better; and I will go back to Italy at once."

"Certainly not. It is not done with, and it shall not be done with."

"Do you think I will marry the man I love when he tells me that by—marrying—me, he will be—banished to—Bou—logne? You had better see Lord Chiltern; indeed you had." And then she walked out of the room.

Then came upon him at once a feeling that he had behaved badly; and yet he had been so generous, so full of intentions to be devoted and true! He had never for a moment thought of breaking off the match, and would not think of it now. He loved her better than ever, and would live only with the intention of making her his wife. But he certainly should not have talked to her of his poverty, nor should he have mentioned Boulogne. And yet what should he have done? She would cross-question him about Lord Chiltern, and it was so essentially necessary that he should make her understand his real condition. It had all come from that man's unjustifiable interference—as he would at once go and tell him. Of course he would marry Adelaide, but the marriage must be delayed. Every body waits twelve months before they are married; and why should she not wait? He was miserable because he knew that he had made her unhappy; but the fault had been with Lord Chiltern. He would speak his mind frankly to Chiltern, and then would explain with loving tenderness to his Adelaide that they would still be all in all to each other, but that a short year must elapse before he could put his house in order for her. After that he would sell his horses. That resolve was in itself so great that he did not think it necessary at the present moment to invent any more plans for the future. So he went out into the hall, took his hat, and marched off to the kennels.

At the kennels he found Lord Chiltern surrounded by the denizens of the hunt. His huntsman, with the kennel-man and feeder, and two whips, and old Doggett, were all there, and the Master of the Hounds was in the middle of his business. The dogs were divided by ages, as well as by sex, and were being brought out and examined. Old Doggett was giving advice—differing almost always from Cox, the huntsman, as to the propriety of keeping this hound or of cashiering that. Nose, pace, strength, and docility were all questioned with an eagerness hardly known in any other business; and on each question Lord Chiltern listened to every body, and then decided with a single word. When he had once resolved, nothing further urged by any man then could avail any thing. Jove never was so autocratic, and certainly never so much in earnest. From the look of Lord Chiltern's brow it almost seemed as though this weight of empire must be too much for any mere man. Very little notice was taken of Gerard Maule when he joined the conclave, though it was felt in reference to him that he was sufficiently stanch a friend to the hunt to be trusted with the secrets of the kennel. Lord Chiltern merely muttered some words of greeting, and Cox lifted the old hunting-cap which he wore. For another hour the conference was held. Those who have attended such meetings know well that a morning on the flags is apt to be a long affair. Old Doggett, who had privileges, smoked a pipe, and Gerard Maule lit one cigar after another. But Lord Chiltern had become too thorough a man of business to smoke when so employed. At last the last order was given—Doggett snarled his last snarl, and Cox uttered his last "my lord." Then Gerard Maule and the Master left the hounds and walked home together.

The affair had been so long that Gerard had almost forgotten his grievance. But now as they got out together upon the park, he remembered the tone of Adelaide's voice as she left him, and remembered also that, as matters stood at present, it was essentially necessary that something should be said. "I suppose I shall have to go and see that woman," said Lord Chiltern.

"Do you mean Adelaide?" asked Maule, in a tone of infinite surprise.

"I mean this new Duchess, who I'm told is to manage every thing herself. That man Fothergill is going on with just the old game at Trumpeton."

"Is he, indeed? I was thinking of something else just at that moment. You remember what you were saying about Miss Palliser last night?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't think, you know, you had a right to speak as you did."

Lord Chiltern almost flew at his companion, as he replied, "I said nothing. I do say that when a man becomes engaged to a girl, he should let her hear from him, so that they may know what each other is about."

"You hinted something about being her brother."

"Of course I did. If you mean well by her, as I hope you do, it can't fret you to think that she has got somebody to look after her till you come in and take possession. It is the commonest thing in the world when a girl is left all alone as she is."

"You seemed to make out that I wasn't treating her well."

"I said nothing of the kind, Maule; but if you ask me—"

"I don't ask you any thing."

"Yes, you do. You come and find fault with me for speaking last night in the most good-natured way in the world. And therefore I tell you now that you will be behaving very badly indeed, unless you make some arrangement at once as to what you mean to do."

"That's your opinion," said Gerard Maule.

"Yes, it is; and you'll find it to be the opinion of any man or woman that you may ask who knows any thing about such things. And I'll tell you what, Master Maule, if you think you're going to face me down you'll find yourself mistaken. Stop a moment, and just listen to me. You haven't a much better friend than I am, and I'm sure she hasn't a better friend than my wife. All this has taken place under our roof, and I mean to speak my mind plainly. What do you propose to do about your marriage?"

"I don't propose to tell you what I mean to do."

"Will you tell Miss Palliser, or my wife?"

"That is just as I may think fit."

"Then I must tell you that you can not meet her at my house."

"I'll leave it to-day."

"You needn't do that either. You sleep on it, and then make up your mind. You can't suppose that I have any curiosity about it. The girl is fond of you, and I suppose that you are fond of her. Don't quarrel for nothing. If I have offended you, speak to Lady Chiltern about it."

"Very well; I will speak to Lady Chiltern."

When they reached the house it was clear that something was wrong. Miss Palliser was not seen again before dinner, and Lady Chiltern was grave and very cold in her manner to Gerard Maule. He was left alone all the afternoon, which he passed with his horses and groom, smoking more cigars, but thinking all the time of Adelaide Palliser's last words, of Lord Chiltern's frown, and of Lady Chiltern's manner to him. When he came into the drawing-room before dinner, Lady Chiltern and Adelaide were both there, and Adelaide immediately began to ask questions about the kennel and the huntsmen. But she studiously kept at a distance from him, and he himself felt that it would be impossible to resume at present the footing on which he stood with them both on the previous evening. Presently Lord Chiltern came in, and another man and his wife who had come to stay at Harrington. Nothing could be more dull than the whole evening. At least so Gerard found it. He did take Adelaide in to dinner, but he did not sit next to her at table, for which, however, there was an excuse, as, had he done so, the new-comer must have been placed by his wife. He was cross, and would not make an attempt to speak to his neighbor; and, though he tried once or twice to talk to Lady Chiltern—than whom, as a rule, no woman was ever more easy in conversation—he failed altogether. Now and again he strove to catch Adelaide's eye, but even in that he could not succeed. When the ladies left the room, Chiltern and the new-comer—who was not a sporting-man, and therefore did not understand the question—became lost in the mazes of Trumpeton Wood. But Gerard Maule did not put in a word; nor was a word addressed to him by Lord Chiltern. As he sat there sipping his wine, he made up his mind that he would leave Harrington Hall the next morning. When he was again in the drawing-room, things were conducted in just the same way. He spoke to Adelaide, and she answered him; but there was no word of encouragement—not a tone of comfort in her voice. He found himself driven to attempt conversation with the strange lady, and at last was made to play whist with Lady Chiltern and the two new-comers. Later on in the evening, when Adelaide had gone to her own chamber, he was invited by Lady Chiltern into her own sitting-room up stairs, and there the whole thing was explained to him. Miss Palliser had declared that the match should be broken off.

"Do you mean altogether, Lady Chiltern?"

"Certainly I do. Such a resolve can not be a half-and-half arrangement."

"But why?"

"I think you must know why, Mr. Maule."

"I don't in the least. I won't have it broken off. I have as much right to have a voice in the matter as she has, and I don't in the least believe it's her doing."

"Mr. Maule!"

"I do not care; I must speak out. Why does she not tell me so herself?"

"She did tell you so."

"No, she didn't. She said something, but not that. I don't suppose a man was ever so used before; and it's all Lord Chiltern; just because I told him that he had no right to interfere with me. And he has no right."

"You and Oswald were away together when she told me that she had made up her mind. Oswald has hardly spoken to her since you have been in the house. He certainly has not spoken to her about you since you came to us."

"What is the meaning of it, then?"

"You told her that your engagement had overwhelmed you with troubles."

"Of course; there must be troubles."

"And that—you would have to be banished to Boulogne when you were married."

"I didn't mean her to take that literally."

"It wasn't a nice way, Mr. Maule, to speak of your future life to the girl to whom you were engaged. Of course it was her hope to make your life happier, not less happy. And when you made her understand—as you did very plainly—that your married prospects filled you with dismay, of course she had no other alternative but to retreat from her engagement."

"I wasn't dismayed."

"It is not my doing, Mr. Maule."

"I suppose she'll see me?"

"If you insist upon it, she will; but she would rather not."

Gerard, however, did insist, and Adelaide was brought to him there into that room before he went to bed. She was very gentle with him, and spoke to him in a tone very different from that which Lady Chiltern had used; but he found himself utterly powerless to change her. That unfortunate allusion to a miserable exile at Boulogne had completed the work which the former plaints had commenced, and had driven her to a resolution to separate herself from him altogether.

"Mr. Maule," she said, "when I perceived that our proposed marriage was looked upon by you as a misfortune, I could do nothing but put an end to our engagement."

"But I didn't think it a misfortune."

"You made me think that it would be unfortunate for you, and that is quite as strong a reason. I hope we shall part as friends."

"I won't part at all," he said, standing his ground with his back to the fire. "I don't understand it, by Heaven I don't. Because I said some stupid thing about Boulogne, all in a joke—"

"It was not in joke when you said that troubles had come heavy on you since you were engaged."

"A man may be allowed to know himself whether he was in joke or not. I suppose the truth is, you don't care about me?"

"I hope, Mr. Maule, that in time it may come—not quite to that."

"I think that you are—using me very badly. I think that you are—behaving—falsely to me. I think that I am—very—shamefully treated—among you. Of course I shall go. Of course I shall not stay in this house. A man can't make a girl keep her promise. No—I won't shake hands. I won't even say good-by to you. Of course I shall go." So saying, he slammed the door behind him.

"If he cares for you he'll come back to you," Lady Chiltern said to Adelaide that night, who at the moment was lying on her bed in a sad condition, frantic with headache.

"I don't want him to come back; I will never make him go to Boulogne."

"Don't think of it, dear."

"Not think of it! how can I help thinking of it? I shall always think of it. But I never want to see him again—never! How can I want to marry a man who tells me that I shall be a trouble to him. He shall never, never have to go to Boulogne for me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEW FOSSIL BIRD.

The discovery of a fossil bird with teeth implanted in the jaws, in distinct sockets, recently made by Professor Marsh, has been followed by the announcement on the part of Professor Richard Owen of a related form, in describing a portion of the skull of the *Odontopteryx toliapicus*, from the London clay of Sheppey. The remains obtained consisted of the brain-case, with the basal portion of both jaws, in which are seen denticulations which are intrinsic parts of the bone, and not simply attachments or insertions, as in the case of other vertebrates, as well as in Professor Marsh's bird. These denticulations, or tooth-like portions of the jaws, are of two sizes, the smaller being about half a line in length, and the larger from two to three lines, separated by several of the smaller ones. All are of a triangular or compressed conical form, the larger ones resembling fangs. Sections of the denticles show unmistakably the characters of bird bone. The total length of the skull was five or six inches. The bird seems to have approached most nearly to the duck family, in some of which, as in the goosanders and the mergansers, the beak is furnished with strong pointed serrations. In them, however, the tooth-like processes belong to the horny bill only, and, according to Professor Owen, the production of the alveolar margin, as far as known, is peculiar to the new fossil.

Professor Owen concludes that the *Odontopteryx* was a warm-blooded, feathered biped, with wings; and further, that it was web-footed and a fish-eater, and that in the catching of its slippery prey it was assisted by this armature of the jaws.

THE ROYAL TOUCH.

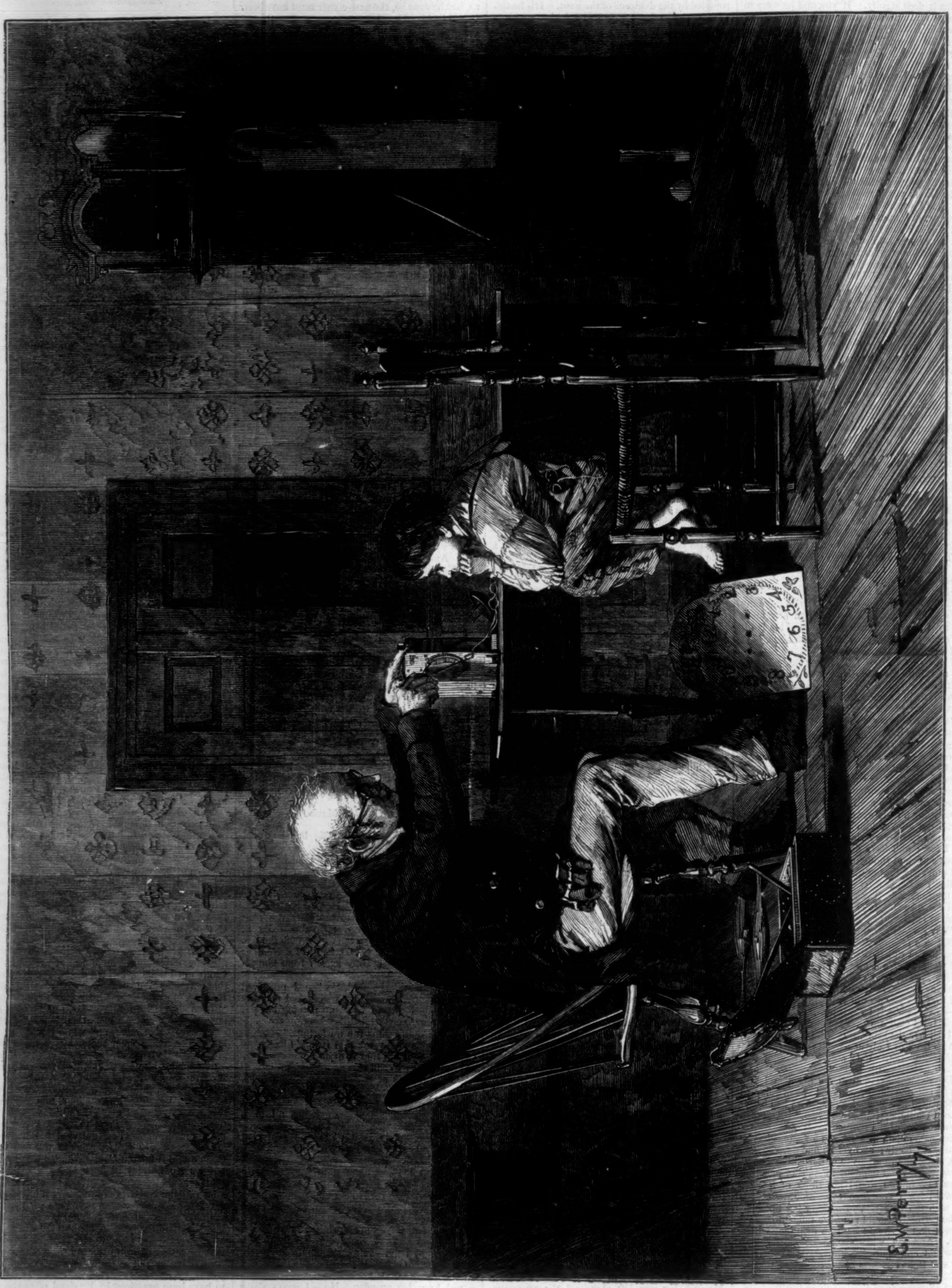
A belief prevailed for many centuries that the British sovereign had the power of curing disease by touching the part affected. Especially was this the case in regard to the disease known as scrofula, or king's-evil. Edward the Confessor, nine centuries ago, "touched" many of his subjects. Chroniclers differed in opinion on the question whether this power was due to the special piety of Edward, or whether it was inherent in the blood of the Saxon kings. To what extent the Norman kings followed the example is not known; but Henry the Second certainly "touched." The ceremony was more or less continued to the eighteenth century. The Stuarts believed in it, or at any rate accommodated the belief of it in the minds of other persons. William the Third did not. Macaulay says that when the king heard that his palace was besieged by a crowd of sick persons toward the close of Lent, he exclaimed, "It is a silly superstition; give the poor creatures some money, and send them away." And when, on a particular occasion, a patient was importuning for a touch, William said, "God give you better health—and more sense." How far the hope of some little pecuniary advantage influenced the patient, it would be difficult to decide; for Charles the Second, who touched no fewer than twenty thousand persons in the first four years after his restoration, is believed to have been rather liberal in giving money to them; and the applicants were many more in number than those who were really afflicted with king's-evil. One form of the belief was that if the sovereign touched a particular coin, it became thereafter a panacea against king's-evil. Several such coins, called royal touch-pieces, are preserved in the British Museum. Queen Anne touched no less a person than Dr. Johnson, or, to speak more exactly, a child of three years old, who afterward became the great lexicographer. In a prayer-book of the Church of England, printed during the reign of that sovereign, there is printed a service "At the Healing," in which these instructions are given: "Then shall the infirm persons, one by one, be presented to the queen upon their knees; and as every one is presented, and while the queen is laying her hands upon them, and putting the gold about their necks, the chaplain that officiates, turning himself to her majesty, shall say the words following: 'God give a blessing to this work, and grant that these sick persons, on whom the queen lays her hands, may recover, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'" Here the touch is at once a royal and a religious ceremony. An old man, witness at a trial, averred that when Queen Anne was at Oxford, she touched him (then a child) for the evil; he added that he did not believe himself to have had the evil, but "his parents were poor, and had no objection to a bit of gold." If this means that a bit of gold accompanied the touch, we need not wonder that the touching was popular among the poor. The Pretender, in the time of George the First, had a touch-piece cast or stamped for him, in order that he might exercise the mystic power of the royal touch as well as the (hoped-for) substantial power. Touching for the evil does not appear to have been practiced in England after the demise of Queen Anne. A similar healing power was claimed by many of the French monarchs, from Clovis the First down to Louis the Fourteenth. Even below the rank of royalty the attribution of this power may be met with in persons of distinguished rank or exceptional piety; and there may still be found old women in English country villages who claim to be able to cure warts and other skin affections by simply stroking the affected part with the hand.

THE CLOCK-MENDER.

The itinerant clock-mender was once a much more important personage in rural communities than at the present day, when clocks can be furnished at a price so low that it is, as a general rule, cheaper to buy a new one than have the old repaired. He may still be found, however, in farming districts making his annual rounds among his patrons for the purpose of repairing and regulating the kitchen clocks, by which the thrifty housewife prepares the morning, noonday, and evening meal. Perfect accuracy is not required in a country clock, unless there are railway trains to catch, and to be a few minutes slow or fast is not a matter of much account; but it is rather desirable that its running gear should be sufficiently in order to keep it going. Occasionally it must be taken apart, the pivots oiled, a broken weight-cord replaced, the pendulum bulb raised or lowered, as the case may be, and the whole works thoroughly dusted and cleansed. Quaint characters were often found in former days among these itinerant artisans. Like the peddlers, they carried about gossip, stories, and all sorts of news which never found its way into the papers, and were always welcome guests at the farmers' houses.

Mr. E. W. Perry, who has made many studies for *genre* pictures in the farming districts and villages of New England, has given us a sketch of one of these artisans at work in an old-fashioned farm-house, repairing one of those stately old clocks which still exist as heir-looms in many country homes. Some of these old clocks are curiously elaborate, and still excellent timekeepers, not only marking and striking the hours and quarters, but noting the day of the month and week, and perhaps furnished with a music-box arrangement for playing a brief air on striking the hour. One of these stately articles of furniture inspired Longfellow's beautiful poem, *The Old Clock on the Stair*, with which all our readers are familiar.

It is a very interesting group which Mr. Perry has drawn. The old clock-mender, intent and careful in his manipulation of machinery, is evidently not inclined to hurry over his work; it must be done thoroughly and to last, and as he fritters over it he explains the intricacies of the several arrangements to the lad who watches him with such an air of serious interest. Who knows but that he may be instructing some embryo mechanical genius, who is already meditating in his active brain some great improvement in clock-making which may one day make him rich and famous? Most probably, however, the boy is wondering whether he can't invent a self-winding clock, or revolving some other impracticable problem of perpetual motion. Many a smart young inventor has wasted weeks and days on projects of this character, which even a slight knowledge of mechanical forces should teach him were impossibilities. Our young student may have the same experience to undergo, unless he is willing to learn by others' failures instead of his own, a lesson which few have the good fortune to read aright.

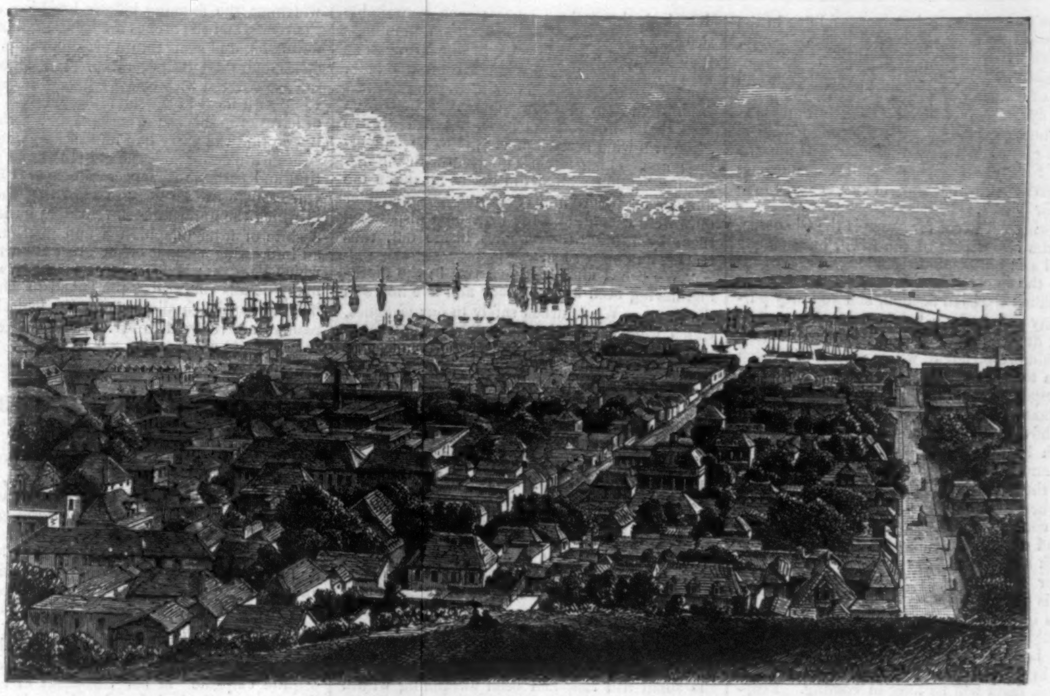


THE CLOCK-MENDER AT WORK.

SUB-TROPICAL RAMBLES.

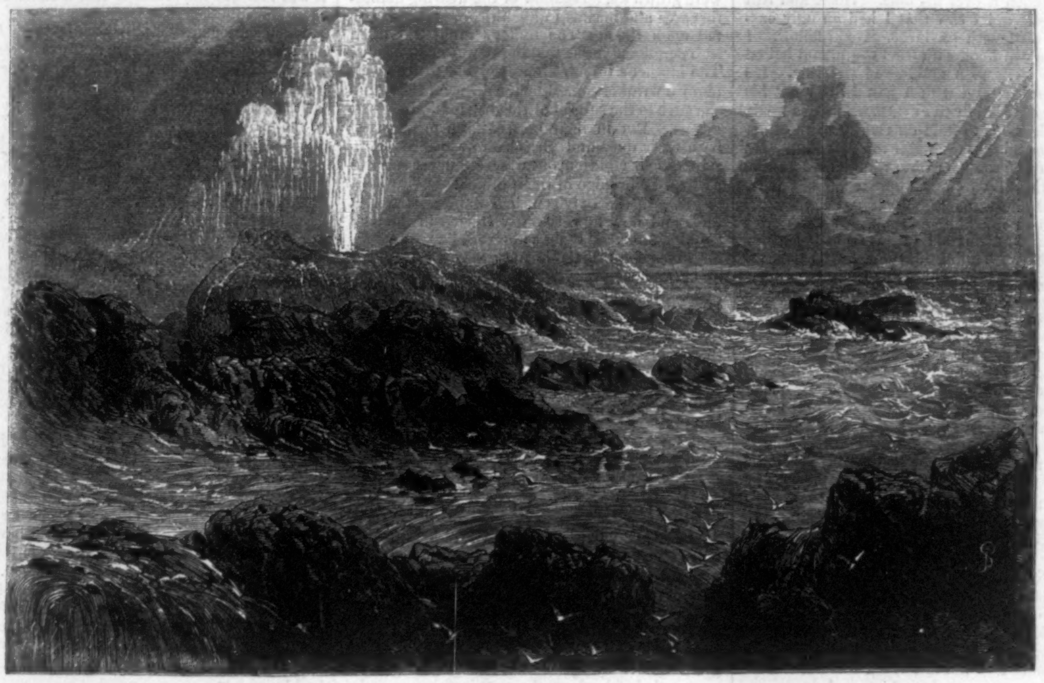
The island of Mauritius is known in a general way to every body, but until recently the public had access to very little accurate information respecting its history, scenery, products, and inhabitants. On the largest map it shows only as a little round dot in the vast world of waters. Yet it is among the most valuable of the British island colonies in the East. Its mountain scenery is grand and picturesque, and its rugged, singularly formed peaks open an almost inexhaustible source of investigation for the geologist. Its wild coasts afford the naturalist never-ending stores for collection and study, and the pleasure-tourist may find exquisite enjoyment in the contemplation of its beautiful water-falls, its caverns, its valleys, and ravines. Its history, too, is full of stirring incident and romance.

For a full and exceedingly interesting account of this island the public is indebted to an American, Mr. Nicholas Pike, United States consul at Port Louis, the capital of Mauritius, whose work, under the above title, has just been published by Harper & Brothers. Mr. Pike received his appointment in 1866, and immediately sought in vain for information respecting the island of which he was about to become a resident. With the exception of Baron Grant's work, written more than a hundred years ago, notes by an old French officer quite as ancient, and a few scattered magazine articles, he could find nothing. He therefore determined to note down every thing he saw, and gain information of all kinds relative to this interesting place. The present volume is the result of his industrious and intelligent researches.



PORT LOUIS.

Mr. Pike sailed for Mauritius on the 18th of August, 1866, from Washington, in the United States steam-ship *Monocacy*. The first chapters of his volume are occupied with a pleasant account of his voyage, and descriptions of the various ports at which the vessel touched by the way. While in the South Indian Ocean the *Monocacy* encountered a terrific cyclone, from which she escaped with great difficulty, and in a damaged condition. This incident gave the author an opportunity to study the theory of cyclones, and his chapter on this subject is not only very interesting, but important; it is illustrated by two storm-charts, in one of which the course of the *Monocacy* during the progress of the cyclone is indicated by lines.



THE SOUFFLEUR.

The *Monocacy* anchored at Port Louis on the 12th of January, 1867. On landing at the granite quay, well adapted for the traffic of this busy mart of the East, with its ever-flowing fountain of crystal water for the use of the shipping, Mr. Pike was forcibly struck with the conglomerate appearance of the people, and the jargon they spoke. Creoles and coolies, Arabs, Cingalese, Malagash, Chinese, and Malabars, all as eager as in other parts of the world to take the stranger in, and carry him off, body and baggage, to the nearest hotel. The author's experience at the Hôtel Univers, said to be the best in the town, was calculated to give him a rather unfavorable impression of the island. "We were ushered," he says, "by a colored waiter into a damp, ill-ventilated, low-ceilinged room, in which were a bar and three billiard-tables; and gentlemen of color were amusing themselves knocking over wooden pins placed on the tables with billiard-balls. Persons of various colors were smoking pipes and cigars, and drinking wine at little tables placed about the room. The landlord, a comely, well-spoken Frenchman, soon made his appearance, asked me to walk up stairs, and showed me into a room—one of a row facing a street through which ran one of the filthiest streams my eyes ever rested on. This room was about ten feet square, and contained an iron bedstead covered with mosquito netting, a table, and some chairs. Ventilation there was none, except from the door, as not a window had evidently been open for some time. I made an agreement with the landlord for two dollars and a half per diem, and then went to the Custom-house to see after the rest of my baggage. I returned about six o'clock, when I was shown into the dining-room, which had small tables placed on each side for the accommodation of the boarders, and a bill of fare was handed me.

"Every thing was brought from below in little dishes; for instance, I ordered a plate of roast chicken, and a leg was brought smothered in parsley, with one potato; a beefsteak—and half a dozen such would not supply the appetite of a hungry man—and every thing else was served me in infinitesimal doses, miserably cooked.

"I strolled out in the evening into the 'Company's Gardens,' which are opposite to the hotel: why called gardens I knew not, as neither flower nor shrub grew there, only some fine banian and other trees shaded the place.

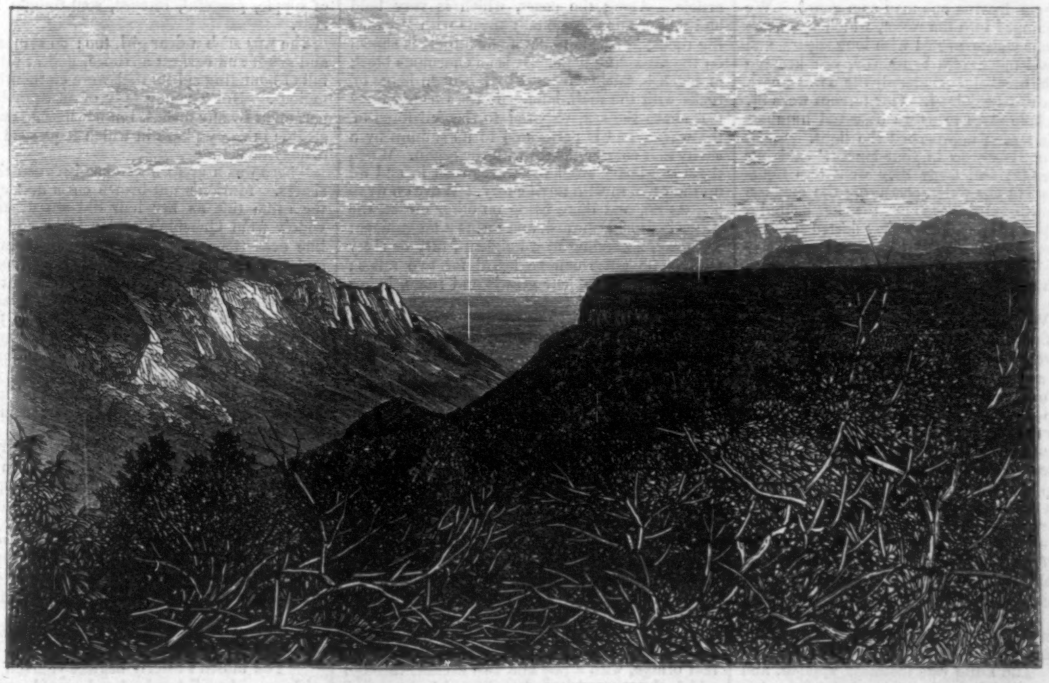
"I returned to my dirty, uncomfortable hotel; and, after passing a miserable night, rose at daylight weary and sick. What with bugs, mosquitoes, and cockroaches (to say nothing of centipedes six inches long!), the knocking about of billiard-balls till late, and the loud laughter and gossiping of the colored servants, sleep was impossible. The mosquito curtains were not properly beaten, and whole families lay in wait for their unsuspecting victim; the cockroaches ate my clothes, the ants got into my trunks, lizards crept over the walls, and rats, bold as lions, were all over the house!"

Port Louis, the only city of Mauritius, is situated in the northwest of the island. It covers an area of about ten square miles, and is nearly inclosed by a ridge of mountains on one side, and bounded on the other by the sea. Its fine natural harbor is capable of affording anchorage to a large number of vessels of heavy burden, and they can ride safely, even in ordinary hurricane weather with due precaution.

The entrance to the channel is through coral reefs, well marked out by buoys, and has an average depth of thirty-five to forty feet, and within the harbor of fourteen feet. It is well defended on the opposite sides by forts George and William, and the citadel, which stands back of the city, also overlooks and commands it.

The streets of Port Louis are straight, and cross each other at right angles. They are mostly macadamized, but very roughly so, and kept tolerably clean, with the exception of the open sewers and drains, alike offensive to optic and olfactory nerves, and injurious to public health. The sidewalks are paved, and never obstructed by boxes, bales, or any thing that can impede the progress of the pedestrian. Several rivulets flow through the town, swollen to rushing torrents in rainy weather, bringing down masses of mud and débris, and in dry seasons almost stagnant, exhaling fœtid odors, and adding largely to the malarious condition of the city.

Most of the older houses are of one story, built of wood; but the more recent buildings are of stone. To judge from their style, each individual must be his own architect, and follows the whim of the moment rather than any known rules. This does not at all contribute to the symmetry and beauty of the streets. There is



THE TAMARIND MOUNTAINS.

said to be but one really handsome edifice in the colony, and that is on the Labourdonnais estate, in the vicinity of Rivière du Rempart.

The interior of the houses is very plain, and consists of drawing and dining rooms, and a few sleeping apartments, which all have the outer hurricane shutters, crossed with a strong Z-shaped bar that gives them a very monotonous appearance. Nearly all possess small dependencies called pavilions, which contain two or three bedrooms for guests.

The principal street for shops is the Chaussée, nearly the oldest part of the town, built chiefly of wood and old-fashioned-looking, a great contrast to the interior of the shops. There all is of the latest Parisian fashion, and you may purchase any article for a lady's toilet, from a Lyons silk dress to plain English calico. Jewelers' shops shine resplendent, where objects of French *luxe* are to be found up to any price: gold and gems, especially diamonds, the favorite creole bijou, dazzle the eyes, and set a stranger to wondering how so small a place can find purchasers for such luxurious articles. A curious feature in this and other streets is the juxtaposition of one of these elegant magazines with a Chinese store, where are retailed salt fish, charcoal, wines, porter, cocoa-nut oil, rice, wood, lard, and the thousand etceteras required in a household—all of which are sold in the smallest possible quantities for the convenience of customers. The author is obliged to confess that all the Piver's essences in the one shop do not overpower the abominable odors of the other.

Port Louis is a quaint, old-fashioned town, greatly in need of modern improvements, which Mr. Pike fears will be long in coming. Property seems to be steadily depreciating. In many of the streets the notice "to let" appears on nearly every door. Fine old stores, once heaped with costly merchandise, and let at fabulous prices on lease, now fetch a few dollars a month for one or two rooms (all the rest shut up), let most probably to some colored cobbler or cigar vendor, where he works and resides with his generally numerous and, with rare exceptions, noisy and dirty family.

The white population is gradually deserting the city for the healthier districts, and probably the day is not far distant when it will be almost entirely in the hands of the colored races, unless a total change is made in its sanitary condition, either by drainage or some other means of altering the present defective sewerage. The Indians also must be compelled to conform to European habits of cleanliness, and utterly give up their own antagonistic ideas on the subject, before Port Louis can be a desirable residence, in spite of its being the capital of the island sometimes called the "Gem of the East."

During his residence in Mauritius Mr. Pike made a thorough survey of the island, and visited several of its smaller neighbors, collecting in his rambles a large amount of useful and interesting information regarding its products, resources, and its social and industrial condition. A very important chapter is devoted to the terrible scourge of fever, which in 1867 threatened to depopulate the island; and the effects of the great hurricane of 1868, which lasted three days, are described with graphic force. An account of the religious ceremonies and superstitions of the non-European inhabitants of the island forms a very interesting portion of the work. It is much too long for quotation, and we must content ourselves with giving some of the shorter episodes of Mr. Pike's rambles. During one of his excursions along the coast some creole fishermen offered to provide rare sporting for the party in night-fishing by torch-light. The story may be best told in the author's own words:

"Two good-sized pirogues were manned by four stout negro creoles—and jolly fellows they were, regular sea-dogs! A box of provisions, our pipes and tobacco, some good old rum, and Hennessy's best, with extra clay pipes for our men, completed our outfit. Spirits were an absolute necessity, as we expected to be wet through for hours. We pulled our pirogues about a mile out from the shore, to the outer reef, and anchored them, leaving one man as a guard. We all then jumped into the water, which was nearly up to our waists, armed with long spears, and we followed our guides cautiously, just keeping clear of the breakers. Suddenly there was a halt, and silence was enjoined. Our torches were lit, and in a hole close to us we observed numbers of fish that soon approached the light. 'Now is your time!—throw in your lances!' said our sable friends; and away they went like lightning, cleaving the water, scattering the medusæ and jelly-fish in all directions, that left behind a train of phosphoric light as they darted through the waves. A cord was attached to the lances; and as I drew mine in I found I had speared a large fish of the genus Pseudoscarus, called here a cateau, very handsome, but not very choice eating. We bagged several fine fish, none weighing less than from two to two and a half pounds. On we went, the creoles evidently knowing every hole and break in the reefs. We disturbed myriads of little animals which appeared to have taken up their abode in the empty cells in the great coral beds. This sea garden was lighted up with millions of tiny sparks—the glow-worms of the deep, lighting the finny tribes of nocturnes to their prey, and presenting a pyrotechnic display on a small scale to us, but to them possibly equal to our brightest calcium light.

"We were glad to hear that our old enemy, the tazarre, never attacks at night. One of the creoles hooked a large ourite, or cat-fish (their creole name), *Octopus vulgaris*. No sooner was it on the hook than it darted its long tentacles up the pole, and wound one of its slimy feelers, with its double row of cup-like suckers, around his arm. The knife was instantly applied, and the limb severed from the body of the fish; but even then it was with difficulty that it could be detached, the suckers possess such remarkable tenacity. After removal a sense of numbness remained for a good while in the arm. The brute was, however, dislodged from his hole, and proved to be a large one, measuring ten feet from tip to tip of the tentacles. I had often seen this animal on the reefs, but had always given it a wide berth, knowing it to be dangerous; and coming to close quarters with the disgusting-looking animal did not at all make me anxious for its proximity. A number of smaller ones were caught, and the fishermen dispatched them by turning their bodies inside out, thus leaving an empty sack.

"We fished until half past two in the morning, having been between four and five hours in the water. We returned safely to our pirogues, which were laden with our night's spoils; but on the way to them I fell into a deep hole, and thus took an involuntary early morning bath, which did not, however, make me much wetter than I had previously been. A good draught of Hennessy as we got into the boat put us all to rights, and we got home well pleased with our excursion, but fully determined our next should be on a moonlight night. We fished up some large yellow cones on the reefs, the *C. betulinus*; and among the sea-weeds I brought away I found a curious specimen of gigartina, some fine pieces of *Codium tomentosum*, and a rare one of delesseria. The latter genus, though common in most parts of the world, had hitherto escaped my search, so I was greatly pleased to find a specimen at last."

While fishing once at Mapou Bay Mr. Pike was surprised by the sudden disappearance of all the small fish that had been swimming within sight in the crystal-clear water. Curious to ascertain the cause of the panic, he watched carefully, and soon caught a glimpse of the head of an eel protruding from a small opening in the coral bed. "Finding," he says, "that the animal did not come out, and that he was evidently lying in wait for his prey, I determined to take him if possible, so baited a good-sized hook, and suspended it over his hole. Hook and bait were seized, and I saw that I had an ugly customer to deal with—a large, savage fellow. I prepared a cod hook with steel chain, and baited and attached it to a good-sized cod line. He seized greedily, and with a jerk I drew out his head. I called loudly to Jumna, who was a weak, sickly little man, to hold on tightly to the line, while I jumped into the water to spear him. He didn't half like the job; however, he held on like grim death. I carefully approached the hole, when the brute came at me boldly. I was a little too quick for him, and planted my grains into his neck, about six inches from his head. We then began hauling him out, but it took all our strength to handle him, for he resisted furiously. We pulled away nine feet, and still saw no end to his body—ten feet! eleven feet! 'Why,' said I, 'we have caught a young sea-serpent!' Twelve feet! and his tail began to wriggle out. I then quickly retreated to the rock, and we made for the shore, dragging our game; and even on land we had much ado to hold him, till I dispatched him by severing the vertebra with my hatchet.

"This monster eel measured twelve feet three inches in length, and round the largest part of the head fourteen and a half inches. The head of this species terminates in a blunt point, the two small bright eyes not more than an inch from the end. The large mouth is filled with long sharp teeth; even the roof is covered with these formidable weapons. This eel is very dangerous, but not so common as reported. There are several species of this genus, but none so large as this. The fishermen call it the 'cave eel;' its specific name I do not know. I was not a little proud of my game, so kept him, and on my return had him stuffed, and he now hangs on my office ceiling."

The scenery of Mauritius is, as we have already stated, remarkably picturesque, and in some places grand. Some idea of its character may be gathered from the picture of the Tamarind Mountains, given in connection with this article. Along the coast, which is very bold and rocky, one occasionally meets with "spouting rocks," of which one of the largest is shown on the preceding page. It is an enormous block of black basalt, connected by a broken ledge of rocks with the main-land. It rises nearly forty feet above the sea, exposed to the full force of the waves, and is perforated to its summit by a cavity that communicates with the ocean. When there is a heavy swell the waves rush in and fill up the vacuum with terrific fury. Wave on wave presses on, and there being no other outlet, the water is forced upward, and forms a magnificent *jet d'eau*, ascending to a height of fifty or sixty feet. The noise can be heard for two miles; and when the Souffleur growls and roars, it is a sure indication of rough weather. The rocks are now greatly undermined, and the spout is so enlarged that it is daily losing its former grandeur; but the day on which the author saw it he was told it was performing its best. The wind had been blowing strongly from the south-east for several days, and the sea ran high. When in action it emits a singular rumbling sound, and the rocks tremble and vibrate so as to cause a most unpleasant quivering all over the body as it is watched from the adjacent rocks. So great are its powers of suction that a stone placed within ten feet of the adit was quickly drawn in. It is only when in a state of tranquillity that it can be approached without danger. The wet rocks are covered with slimy weeds, which make the foot-hold very precarious.

At a little distance along the coast is another curious monument of the work of the ocean, the "Pont Naturel," as it is called. It resembles a real bridge, with a pile and two arches, through which the sea swirls and rushes with the greatest impetuosity. The formidable chasm is daily widening, the foaming billows breaking against the rocks, and the arches are being gradually undermined, and some future cyclone will probably cause their total disappearance. The slopes to the sea are covered with couch grass, which appears to flourish most in the salt atmosphere. Troops of hares crop this saline herbage with great avidity, so that the party had no lack of game.

Mauritius was the scene of St. Pierre's beautiful and pathetic romance, *Paul and Virginia*. Our readers will be sorry to learn that the tomb in which the unfortunate lovers were buried is in a state of utter dilapidation and neglect. For an interesting account of the great shipwreck in which Virginia and her lover were lost, and for many details concerning the island to which we have not space to allude more particularly, our readers are referred to Mr. Pike's exceedingly valuable and entertaining work.

A STRUGGLE IN THE DARK.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

There had been great want of wisdom, the majority of their acquaintances averred, in the way in which the Faulkners had brought up their children. Mr. Faulkner, a hard-working country surgeon, seemed contented to carry his hard work on long past middle age—to deny himself the luxury of a partner, or even of an assistant, and to give in to his only son's deep-rooted aversion to the medical profession in a manner that bordered on the supine.

As for Mrs. Faulkner, bonny, light-hearted matron as she was, people declared her to be "quite culpable" in her treatment of her two daughters. She had slaved and saved, schemed and planned, incessantly for them from their babyhood. Whatever privations they themselves endured, these parents seemed resolved to keep their children in an atmosphere of pure sunshine. As babies they were sedulously tended and daintily arrayed. As children they were carefully and thoroughly educated. And now that they were grown up, no shadow of the wearing domestic cares and business difficulties was suffered to fall upon them. The father's mind was often sore perplexed in the making of ways and means. The mother's broad, kind brow was graven with many a wrinkle caused by the deep consideration she gave to the subject of the distribution of these means. But in their perfect faith in its being both their duty and pleasure to sacrifice themselves, their children's hearts were never saddened by a knowledge of these difficulties.

Edward, the only son, had done well at Oxford, and now he was fairly started in life as a popular tutor. Young as he was, he had gained for himself an enviable notoriety. The pupils he crammed never failed to pass their examinations. But the girls, the two beautiful, brilliant girls, were home birds still.

They were aged respectively nineteen and twenty at the date at which they are introduced to the reader's notice. And at nineteen and twenty they were two of the lightest-hearted, prettiest, and most accomplished girls in the neighborhood.

Beatrice, the eldest girl, was almost un-English in the soft splendor of her beauty. Her large, deep eyes, of that indescribable hue commonly termed gray-hazel, were fringed with long black lashes. Her complexion was a rich clear dark one, Italian in its pomegranate-like warmth and coloring. But her hair was bright auburn, many-shaded, but with real glittering gold predominating.

She had been such a beauty from her babyhood, such a sweetly imperious, overwhelming, splendid little beauty, that the pet name Queenie given to her by her father had gained ground among their friends, and now that she was grown up they still called her by it more frequently than by her proper name of Beatrice.

Queen of beauty she undoubtedly was, with that rare face of hers, borne aloft by an equally rare figure. From the crown of the golden-haired head to the small arched feet, Queenie was simply perfect, gifted with the highest order of supple, graceful, intense, soul-fraught loveliness.

She was such a dear girl, too; so sympathetic and sweet and earnest at times, and at others so full of bounding spirits that were eminently contagious. Not a young lady of an equable temperament by any means, but bewitching and irresistible in every phase in which it pleased her to display herself.

There was a great difference between the two sisters. Marion's nut-brown curls and eyes of the same tint as her hair did not differ more widely from Queenie's golden locks and grape-like eyes than did Marion's superb composure and delicate languor from Queenie's eccentric flights from the seventh heaven of delight to the nethermost hell of dullness and dismalness.

A good deal of their characters was told by their pet names. As Beatrice had always been "Queenie," so Marion's familiar designation by her parents had been "my sweet."

And sweet she was, with a sweetness that compensated for her lack of the glorious beauty that was Beatrice's portion.

As the mother kept from the children the knowledge that at times her difficulties in house-keeping arose from the fact that the supply was not equal to the demand, so she kept from them the fact that she did *not* wear rather dowdy and cheap dresses by preference. She, at one time the most daintily clad lady in Bowford, resigned one after another laces and silks and jewels, and handed these vanities over to the beautiful girls who graced them so well.

And I may add that the mother was profoundly happy in making the sacrifice.

"You mustn't utterly neglect yourself for our girls, my dear," her husband would say to her sometimes when his eye was caught by some mark of time on the raiment of his wife. And then blithe Mrs. Faulkner would shake the little head that was both merry and wise, and answer,

"The young birds must have the richest plumage, dear. Cloth of gold would have no joy for me if they had cloth of frieze."

"I hope they are not selfish," the father said, thoughtfully. "I hope they see that their mother sacrifices her appearance to theirs."

"I hope my darlings see nothing of the kind, and think nothing of the kind, Edward." The mother spoke hotly. "I've told them that I have no taste for dress," she continued, in a half-comical tone of apology.

"And they believe you?"

"Of course they do. They always believe me—as their daughters will believe them in time."

"Ah!" he said; "they'll understand all this very clearly when they have children of their own."

So the struggle in the dark went on, and bright Queenie and sweet Marion knew absolutely nothing save that they had the dearest father and mother in the world.

By-and-by, just after Queenie was twenty, there was excitement in Bowford. Edward, the handsome, prosperous young tutor, came home to stay a few weeks. His absence from home and his presence in the world had taught him how to look for truth. As soon as he saw it as exemplified at home he rewarded them well for all they had sacrificed for him. How amply need not be told here, since it does not concern the story. But it was after such a measure that griping need might have been banished forever from the Faulkner household, if only they had not conspired to save it all for Queenie and sweet Marion.

Meanwhile Queenie and sweet Marion were not to be enlightened by their brother.

"Keep all your discoveries to yourself, dear Ted," his mother said; "don't burden your sisters' hearts with a care about us; we are going to be the happiest old people in the world, and it will mar our happiness if ever a cloud darkens their sunshine."

"They are gems," he answered; "but *I* think a little cutting would even improve their brilliancy. Mother dear, I love my sisters, and would do any thing for them, but wouldn't it be just as well that they should know what you are to them?"

"They *couldn't* love me more," the happy, proud mother cried; "and, dear Ted, they might feel sorry for me. I can't have that."

Edward Faulkner's star was very much in the ascendant just now. He was employed in widening the mind of a young man who was the hope and pride of an enormously rich house. Moreover, the young fellow (he was not a month younger than his tutor) was one whom it was a pleasure rather than a task to bear-lead. A handsome, gay, and debonair young Adonis—one who did not "go for killing," according to the phraseology of young men, but who did a good deal of destructive work unintentionally. For as girls said of him, "He is *too* handsome to be as nice as he is."

His name was Leopold Warrener, and he was the only son of a vast (no other word can express him) City man, whose cook received higher wages than those which represented affluence to Edward Faulkner. Old Mr. Warrener was a millionaire, in fact—a man who could have paid a royal price for his son's attainment of the hand of the fairest daughter of the peerage. But neither his son nor himself had any taste in that direction. They neither of them cared for any rank higher than the one they held. And Mr. Warrener would have welcomed a barefooted beggar maid as his daughter-in-law if Leopold had loved her.

Being so very much what he was, Leopold Warrener was a dangerous element in such a house as the Faulkners'. Edward was accustomed to think of his sisters as mere girls, almost children, still. It was a revelation to him when Leopold Warrener's rapturous admiration of Queenie found vent in some brief words.

It was a revelation to him, but that which was revealed could not be obviated now. "Time was, time is! I must look sharp," he muttered to himself. To give a hint to his fascinating pupil that it would be well for him to leave, would be to imply too much. But his position was an awkward one undoubtedly.

"His people will think I got him down here to fall in love with one of my sisters," he almost groaned. And then he reproached himself fiercely for having been weak enough to give in to Leopold's importunities to accompany him (Edward) home. "But if I had stood out he might have thought I was ashamed of them—that there was something in the best home and the best people in the world that I wanted to conceal. Well, I'll get his violet eyes out of Queenie's range as soon as possible. That's all that can be done now."

Leopold Warrener—the young man who had been living *en grand seigneur* from the day he was inclosed in a hundred-guinea old point lace christening cloak up to the present moment—was enraptured (he believed) by the manner of life of these people, into whose midst he had dropped through a series of fortuitous circumstances that he elected to consider blessed. There was gayety, ease, refinement, and abundance of intellect. What mattered the evident want of wealth? It was all new to him, and Leopold Warrener dearly loved novelty.

The curtain shall rise on three short scenes; then it must be dropped for a time, to rise again on widely different ones.

The first scene is the beginning of the story. The commencement of another struggle in the dark is faintly shadowed forth in it.

The time was the ripest, most luscious midsummer day. All the July flowers were in bloom. There are some radiant roses in Mr. Faulkner's garden. One splendid variety almost rivaled the face of the girl who sat on the grass-plot close to the spreading branches, with some of the roses, as spoils, in her lap.

"The forces of color and beauty and sweetness can't go any further than they have gone here, can they?" a girl asserted, and then questioned. The girl was Queenie, and the one whom she addressed—a magnificent masculine of the bright, bold, blonde beauty of the north—answered,

"Yes, they can; looking at you, I can't bring myself to say that those forces can go no further than they've gone in the roses."

He spoke his rather senseless words meaningly enough, but she would not understand them, or rather she would not allow herself to understand them.

"I won't stay here to hear my favorite rose disparaged; it is unequaled about here, and you deride its claims to perfection. I shall go and appeal to Edward."

"Please stay here," her companion pleaded. "You look so—so—well, so like that rose on your emerald throne, that you might be contented without Edward for a few minutes longer."

He spoke almost sheepishly, this young King Cophetua, on whom the charms of this queen of beggar maids were just dawning. Through the medium of those sheepish tones the story of her coming sway over him was told to the girl. Still, though she was sufficiently mistress of the position not to be embarrassed by it, she staid even a little longer, feeding his enamored gaze with the sight of the gorgeous beauty that the sun glorified so well.

A few days further on and the curtain must rise on a ball-room scene—a mere country-town effort at being festive, but still a very dazzling ball of light to the girls who knew of nothing better. And in this dazzling ball no girl circulated with more bounding grace than did Queenie. They stepped so well together, that young pair! Mrs. Faulkner, in a well-arranged black velvet dress (the gift of her son), felt her heart palpitate, half with hope and half with fear, as Leopold led Queenie out for the fourth time.

As the strains of the *Linden Waltz* died away he drew her into a calico alcove all decked with cut paper flowers, and looked down at the lovely flower-like face and the supple, splendid form with hardly repressed admiration.

"A month ago, when Ted spoke of 'Queenie,' I was bored, and wished he wouldn't waste time by talking of his sisters; and now you're the queen of my soul."

What a happy, happy ball it was! But, happy as it was, Queenie told herself that to-morrow and all the rest of her life would be happier.

A few days after this the tutor took his pupil away, for Leopold confessed what he had done to Edward, and Edward was very much on the alert about his sister.

"You must go and speak to your father, Leo, before you speak to mine," he said, with decision.

"I'm as certain of my father's consent as I am of Queenie's," Leopold said, with a very natural amount of ardor.

"Ah, well; bring it before Queenie's consent is mentioned, please. *We* rather prize Queenie." And in those few words a little of the intense pride and love they felt for that glorious girl came out.

"I may tell mamma?" This was Queenie's eager question in a conference with her brother that ensued.

"No, dear, not even mamma—the poor, brave, dear little mother. Why, Queenie, if this didn't go right, after seeing her high hopes for you so nearly realized, it would be too hard for her; and she has borne hardships."

"She has; she has, indeed, Ted; and she thinks we don't see it, when all our desire is to pour back some of her own sunshine on herself. She has gilded our lives indeed. But this will go right: how should it go wrong?"

"Because all sorts of awful impossibilities do happen, dear," he said, lightly. "Then," he added, more impressively, "bear your joy in secret for a bit, my darling. Think of the dear mother's state of beatitude when you can take it to her as a certainty."

Gravely, graciously she listened to her brother's counsel. He must know best. "Ted always knew best about every thing," she reminded herself. And so, as the curtain falls for a while, commences her struggle in the dark.

* * * * * *

Four years have passed since that converse between the discreet brother and his dearly loved sister, when the curtain rises again.

Queenie is Beatrice Faulkner still. Very much to every body's astonishment! Very much more to her own passionate disappointment! For she did love that lovable young Leo very tenderly; and during these four years he had made no sign.

The girl had lost a shade, perhaps, of her bright beauty, her many splendors, during these years of waiting for the return of the one who came not. But it was only a shade, and she had gained so many of the higher attributes of beauty in the time that even envy must have confessed that the law of compensation had been working in her case.

Sometimes the secret had borne hardly upon her—the secret of her love and anxiety. There had been moments when her mother's wistful, tender eyes had almost made her tell the tale. But then she remembered her promise to Ted not to add to that loving mother's current hopes and ultimate cares. "Ted always knew best," and she went on struggling terribly in the dark.

Poor Ted, the most affectionate brother in the world, had his share in this trouble which Queenie was bearing. As has been told, he it was who had induced Leopold Warrener to consult his own father before he consulted his own inclinations and Mr. Faulkner. "I am sure of my father's consent," Leopold had said; and Edward had laconically replied, "Get it first."

Leopold did not in this instance overestimate his influence with his father. The old gentleman agreed instantly to the proposal that "the loveliest girl in the world" should be his daughter-in-law. But he had the benefit of former experience with regard to his son to go upon, and so he made the following suggestion:

"You are both very young, Leo. Test her love and your own by not entering into an engagement for one year. At the end of that year, if you are both in the same mind, I promise you my unqualified consent."

After a brief demur Leopold agreed to this, and told his friend and tutor of it, adding,

"I shall write and tell Queenie at once."

Ted looked grave.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, "it seems to me that you'll break the spirit of your promise to your father, though you may stick to the letter, if you write to Queenie. I'll tell her."

And so it was settled, and Queenie learned through her brother that she stood in that position which is so exquisitely painful to any girl of spirit, namely, that she was "pledged," but not "engaged."

"I shall not worry any of them by mentioning it until it's a certainty," Beatrice said to her brother, and he replied,

"Well, don't bother the dear old father and mother, certainly; but I think I should tell Marion. Then you could speak about it sometimes, which will be better than 'feeding on your silent heart.'"

She tossed her bright head in sure and saucy hopes of happiness, and replied:

"Trust me for not doing any thing so silly, Ted dear; but I don't think I shall tell Marion. Oh, *how* glad I shall be when the year's over, and Leo comes back!"

But when the year was over Leo did not come back. Instead of coming back, he wrote to Edward (from whom he had been separated for the last nine months), telling him that urgent business connected with his father's house was taking him to India. "By the time I get there I may find myself the son of a ruined man," he added. "At any rate, I don't feel justified in binding Queenie until I know how far fallen my fortunes are."

This letter had been received by Edward just three years ago, and since then they had none of them heard any thing either of Leopold or the house of Warrener.

During these four years there had been great changes in the Faulkners. Marion had, after being wooed by many, been won by one who made her the happiest of wives for two years. But at the end of those two years sweet Marion was left a widow.

In the midst of their great grief on Marion's account it came like a ray of sunshine to them all to hear that Edward was going to give them another daughter. Throwing herself heart and soul both into Marion's sorrow and Edward's joy, Queenie found that she had no time to lament and bemoan herself. But when the excitement of these two events had passed away, she remembered Leopold with a thrill of love that was as intensely keen as ever, and wished heartily that she could "talk to Marion about him."

The gloriously beautiful Miss Faulkner had such a wealth of the winning grace that men would have been maddened into proposing to her even had another man been leading her to the altar. Therefore it may be believed that as she was supposed to be free, "her chances," as they were called in the vernacular, were numerous enough to create bitter pangs of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness from her less successful compeers. But through all these triumphs of conquest she remained faithful to her first love.

She had the rare power of retaining her rejected lovers as friends, this matchless queen of hearts. The young widow, Mrs. Leslie, would often laugh and shake her head in mock reproof when Queenie would refuse to think it any thing but "quite natural" that Mr. Barham should still haunt her steps and hang on her words. Mr. Barham was the one of all these lovers whom she would not marry whom Queenie liked best. He was the largest land-owner, and the representative of the oldest county family. His house was a castle, and his wealth (like his love for Queenie) was unbounded. But, for all these things, Queenie remembered the brief page of the summer romance she had read with Leo.

"Are you waiting for a prince of the blood royal, my dear, or do you mean to retain 'your freedom,' as women's rights women call it, leap upon a platform, and astonish and horrify the world?" Mrs. Leslie would ask her sister sometimes, when the boundless advantages of the Barham alliance would enter like an army into the Faulkner family mind.

"I don't quite know what I am waiting for," Queenie would say. And so things stood until one fair June night.

Queenie had a croquet party, and the young widow was there in those soft pearly hues which young widows of two years' standing may lawfully affect. They were playing on into the moonlight, forgetful of that summons to supper which Mrs. Faulkner had sent them several times, standing about the lawn in pretty floating dresses, making picturesque groups.

The party was a large one, and there were many pretty girls and women present; but the two sisters, as usual, carried off the palm for beauty. Mrs. Leslie in her gleaming pearl-colored silk, with a black lace mantilla over her head and shoulders, and her elder sister in a less matronly costume of white muslin covered with lace and embroidery.

In the midst of a game a diversion occurred. A carriage—a fly from the station—rolled up to the front-door. And presently Leopold Warrener was among them.

How he was made welcome, what hearty greetings he received by all and from all, need not be told here. Three years of hard work had only enabled him to partially retrieve the wrecked fortunes of their house. "Now I have come home, not a rich man, but far from a poor one," he added, after telling a portion of his story to them that night.

He remained as the Faulkners' guest. For Ted's sake they were all so enchanted to see him. And the next morning at breakfast he heard of Marion's marriage and widowhood.

"She has had a woful weight of sorrow," Mrs. Faulkner wound up with.

"It has added to her beauty, I think," he replied; and as he said it, Queenie looked at him.

There had been no word of love between these two young people yet. But when, after breakfast, he asked Queenie to go out with him, her heart began to throb in anticipation of what was coming. As they went out from her father's garden she said, with a half-nervous desire of putting off that which she longed for,

"Shall we go and call on my sister?"

"Yes, if she will admit such early visitors," he said, brightly. And then they went down to sweet Marion's exquisitely ordered little home—a home that looked like a paradise of flowers, she herself being still the fairest flower in it.

Mrs. Leslie was watering some rose-trees that were dotted about on an emerald lawn; not stiff, straight, standard roses, but little low bushes of blooms that displayed themselves freely in gratitude for not being cut and pruned out of all resemblance to nature. Then she led them into a shaded drawing-room—a room that looked so exquisitely *home-like* to the man who had been without a home so long. And Mrs. Leslie herself, with her soft cloudy nut-brown hair shading her brow, with her sweet languor of movement and gentle matronly composure—how restful it was to look at her, to be sure! She was deficient in the gorgeous tropical beauty that made Queenie so glorious. But he had had a good deal of tropical beauty for three years. The harmoniously arranged rooms, in which all manner of delicate tints were blended, seemed to him the very sanctuary of womanly refinement.

Queenie saw it all, took all the dismal truth home to her heart without delay. But, as has been said, she possessed a wonderful store of self-command. How she blessed the reticence now which had saved her from making her love-hopes public property!

And even while she knew that she was losing and Marion gaining him so unconsciously, she knew at the same time that he was ten times better worth loving than he had been four years ago. In spite of his defalcation from herself, there was so much that she quickly came to esteem and admire in Leopold Warrener.

He staid on day after day, falling into all his old intimacy, and never losing an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Leslie; and at last he made up his mind to break the ice.

He remembered perfectly all that he had felt and said to Queenie. But from her cheerful, beautiful, delicious indifference, he thought that she had forgotten it; and as he loved her no longer, he hoped she had forgotten it. So, one day, being in the garden alone with Mrs. Leslie, he said:

"Your sister is a most wonderful beauty, Mrs. Leslie" (these two had grown strangely familiar, and *well used* to each other, it seemed to them both). "Doesn't it surprise you that she is Miss Faulkner still?"

"Yes, it does a little," Marion laughed. "I think it is that she has had so many men at her feet that love and attention bore."

"You don't think there is any attachment in the way, do you?" he asked, with a heightened color. And Marion experienced one tiny pang of disappointment as she thought, "*He* is going to swell her list. Well, I'll aid his suit."

"Old attachment? Oh dear, *no*. Queenie is quite heart-whole, and I do assure you that she has a heart worth winning."

"And so has her sister," he exclaimed, impetuously. And then his conscience being quite free as regarded Queenie, he poured out his new passion into Marion's willing ears.

And what a sisterly greeting they got from Queenie when they told her their news! How rejoiced Leopold felt that he had not made the mistake of supposing that Queenie cared for him still.

Queenie's was a very sound, pure nature. As soon as he became her brother-in-law the wound he had made healed. A year after the marriage of Marion and Leopold, Mr. Barham proposed to Queenie again. And when she had frankly told him that she had loved somebody else, but that she should never tell that somebody's name, she accepted him, and her struggle in the dark came to an end.

And I think that she will teach her children that the decent reserve learned from the practices of Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner is a wise and happy thing.

IMAGINATIVE MEDICINE.

The earth-bath once had an amazing run. About a century ago a London empiric opened a "Temple of Health" in Pall Mall, where he gave lectures on health at the extravagant charge of two guineas for admission, which fee many wealthy simpletons were willing to pay. Among other attractions he enlisted the services of a beautiful woman, said to have been that equivocal person who afterward became Lady Hamilton. Many kinds of mountebank fraud were exhibited at this place, the last of which was earth-bathing. He and the Goddess of Health immersed themselves to the chin in warm earth, he with his hair full dressed and powdered, she with the fashionable coiffure. How many dupes honestly believed in their own cure by such means history has not recorded; but the admission to the "Temple" gradually fell from two guineas to one shilling, and then the earth-bath died out—not, however, before the "lady" had run much chance of ruining her health by this peculiar kind of bathing.

The toad has had its day of importance in the minds of those who look for specifics against diseases; and so has the toad-stone, which was described by Joanna Baillie in a letter to Sir Walter Scott as "a celebrated amulet, which was never lent to any one unless upon a bond for a thousand marks for its being safely restored. It was sovereign for protecting new-born children and their mothers from the power of the fairies; and has been repeatedly borrowed from my mother for this purpose." This amulet was described as being a convex circular stone, rather less than three-quarters of an inch in diameter, semi-transparent, dark gray, and apparently silicious composition; it was set in a massive silver thumb-ring. Besides its virtues as a charm for keeping off wicked fairies, this toad-stone was believed to be a specific against diseases of the kidneys; it was immersed in a cup of water, and the water then quaffed off.

Fish charms have been met with among many nations. The fish called the bull-head is used by some of the Russian peasants as a charm against fever. Again, if suspended horizontally, and carefully balanced by a single thread, while allowed some freedom of motion, the fish is credited with the power of indicating by the direction of the head the point of the compass from which the wind will blow. Many kinds of fish have two hard bones just within the sides of the head; and one species, the maigre, has these bones larger in proportion than most others. These two bones, called colic stones, are in some countries regarded to possess medicinal virtues; mounted in gold, and hung round the neck, they are a specific for the colic. But this peculiarity attaches to them: they must have been received as a gift; if purchased, they do not possess the magic virtue.

Medicinal rings were at one time very seriously believed in. Physicians were wont to wear finger rings, in which stones were set, and these stones were credited with the possession of many virtues. Sometimes the patient was simply touched with the ring; sometimes he put it on his finger for a while. Many a patient has worn such a ring to stop a hemorrhage which sedatives, absorbents, and astringents alike failed to allay: if the desired result followed, the ring was unreservedly regarded as the healing agent; if the cure did not follow, we are told nothing about it; for in these matters

"What is hit is history,
But what is missed is mystery!"

A wine-colored amethyst, set in a ring, was a specific against intoxication and its consequences; a hyacinth stone, similarly set, acted as a charm to produce sleep; an agate had wonderful power in curing amaurosis and other diseases of the eye; a jasper showed its value in cases of dropsy and fever; while a coral was an antidote against nervousness and causeless fears. That many imaginative cures have been wrought by such means, who can deny? Even if the patient only gets a little better, and attributes the healing influence to the stone in the ring, he may be right so far as this—that the influence exerts itself through the imagination.

Charms, amulets, talismans, and phylacteries all belong to the list of articles which produce imaginative cures, seeing that the persons who trust to them believe in some good obtainable from them in purse or in person, in health or in welfare; and if the good comes, most assuredly the imagination is the channel through which it approaches. Two or three years ago, at a town in Worcestershire, England, after the inquest on the body of a man drowned in the Severn, a woman applied to the chief constable for permission to draw the hand of her son, a boy of eight or nine years of age, nine times across the dead man's throat, in order to bring about the removal of a wen from the boy's neck! In another instance, in the same county, this was actually done, with fatal results; for the man had died of typhoid fever, which was in this way communicated to several living persons. A ring made of the hinge of a coffin, and a rusty old sword hung by the bedside, are (in some districts) charms against the cramp; headache is removed by the halter that has hung a criminal, and also by a snuff made from moss that has grown on a human skull in a grave-yard. A dead man's hand, and especially the hand of a man who had been cut down while hanging, dispels tumors. Warts may be removed by rubbing them with a bit of stolen beef; the chips of a gallows, worn in a little bag round the neck, will cure the ague; a stone with a hole in it, suspended at the bed's head, will prevent nightmare. Many verses are known, which, if repeated aloud, are credited with curing cramp, burns, and other bodily troubles. When you have the whooping-cough, apply for a remedy to the first person you meet with riding on a piebald horse—a ceremony that Dr. Lettsom, the physician, was fated more than once to become acquainted with. Amulets hung in a little bag around the neck are very widely credited with the power of warding off disease; the list of such substances is an ample one, but need not be given here. The anodyne necklace, which was a profitable affair for one Dr. Turner in the early part of the present century, consisted of beads made of white bryony root; it was believed to assist in cutting the teeth of infants around whose neck it was hung. One peculiar kind of amulet is the phylactery, a bit of parchment on which a few sacred words have been written; if worn on the person it is a safeguard against disease and calamity. The Jews in the East used to carry such an amulet written with a Hebrew verse from the Bible, and some of the Mohammedans with a sentence from the Koran.